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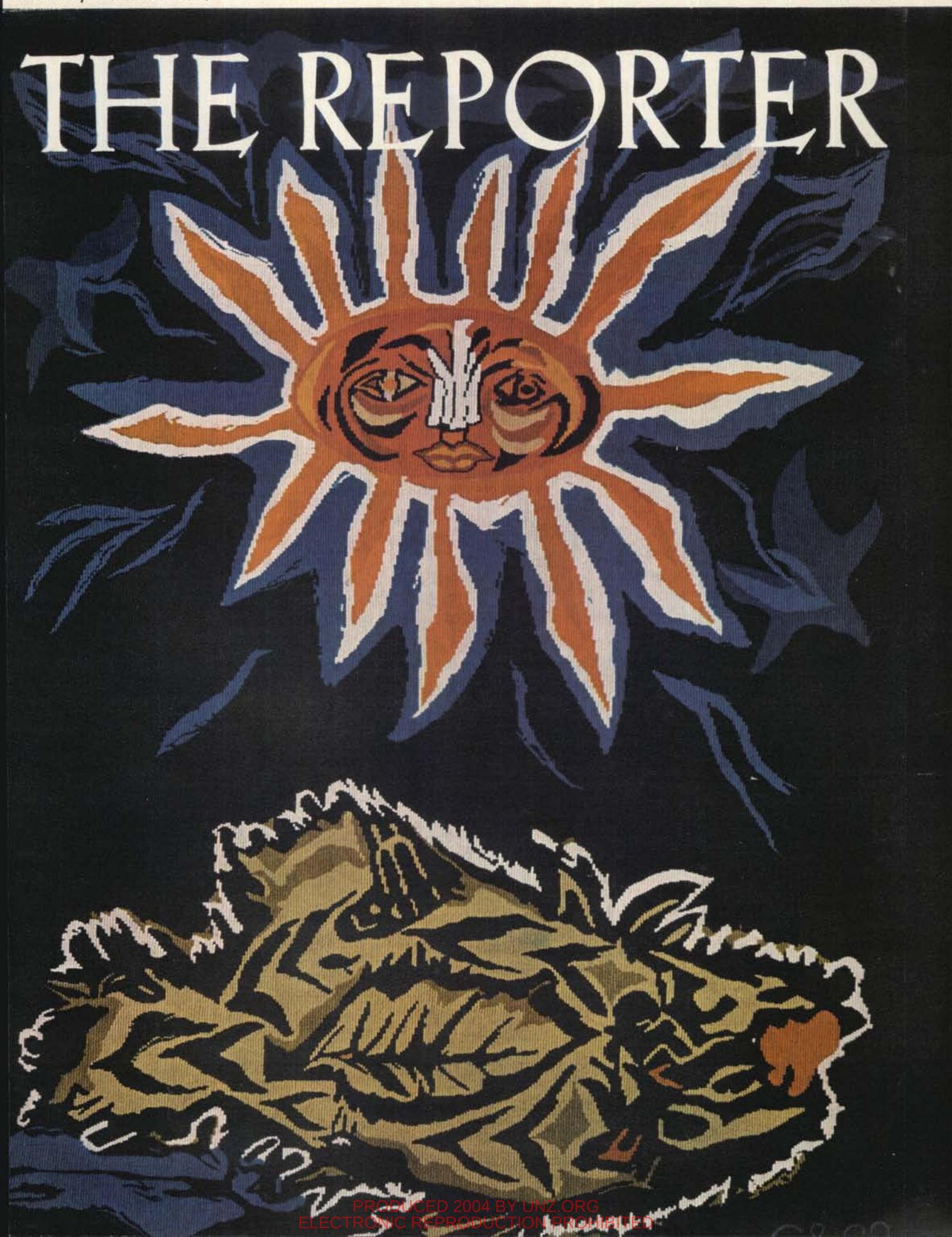
January 12, 1967 35¢

Backlash in the Percy Campaign

THE REPORTER



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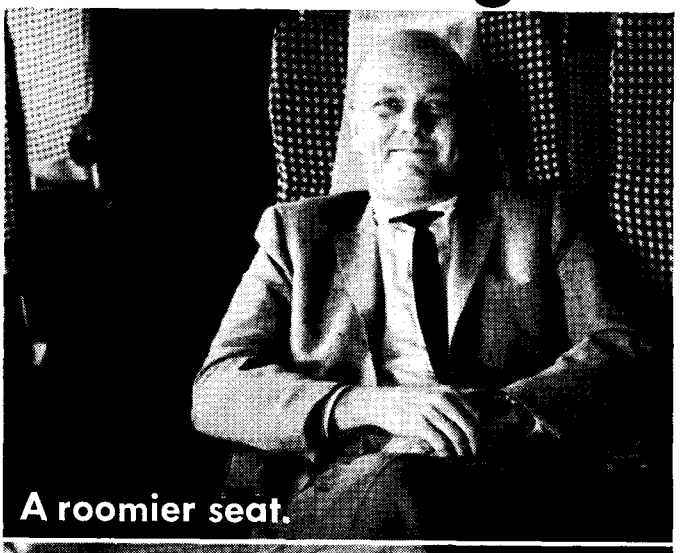

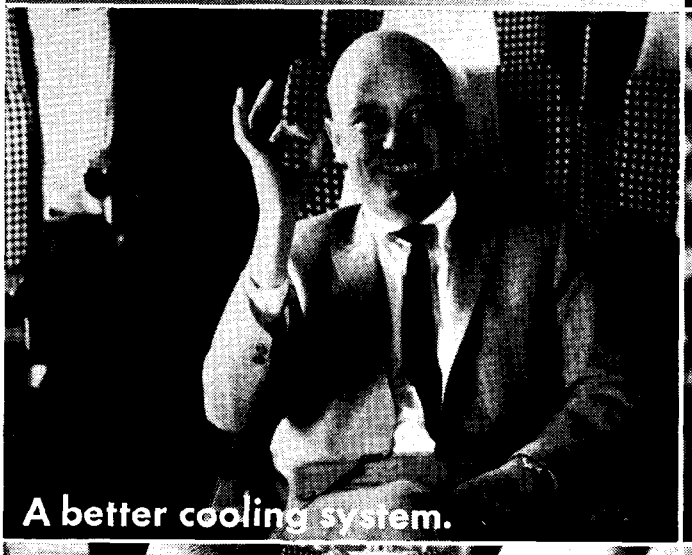

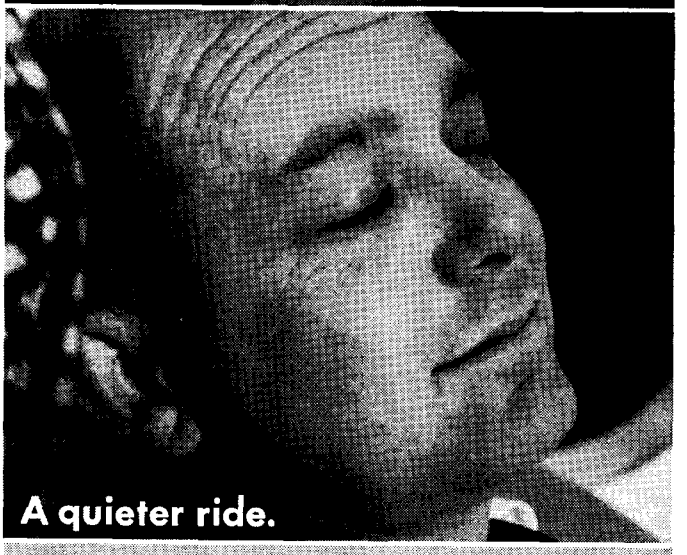

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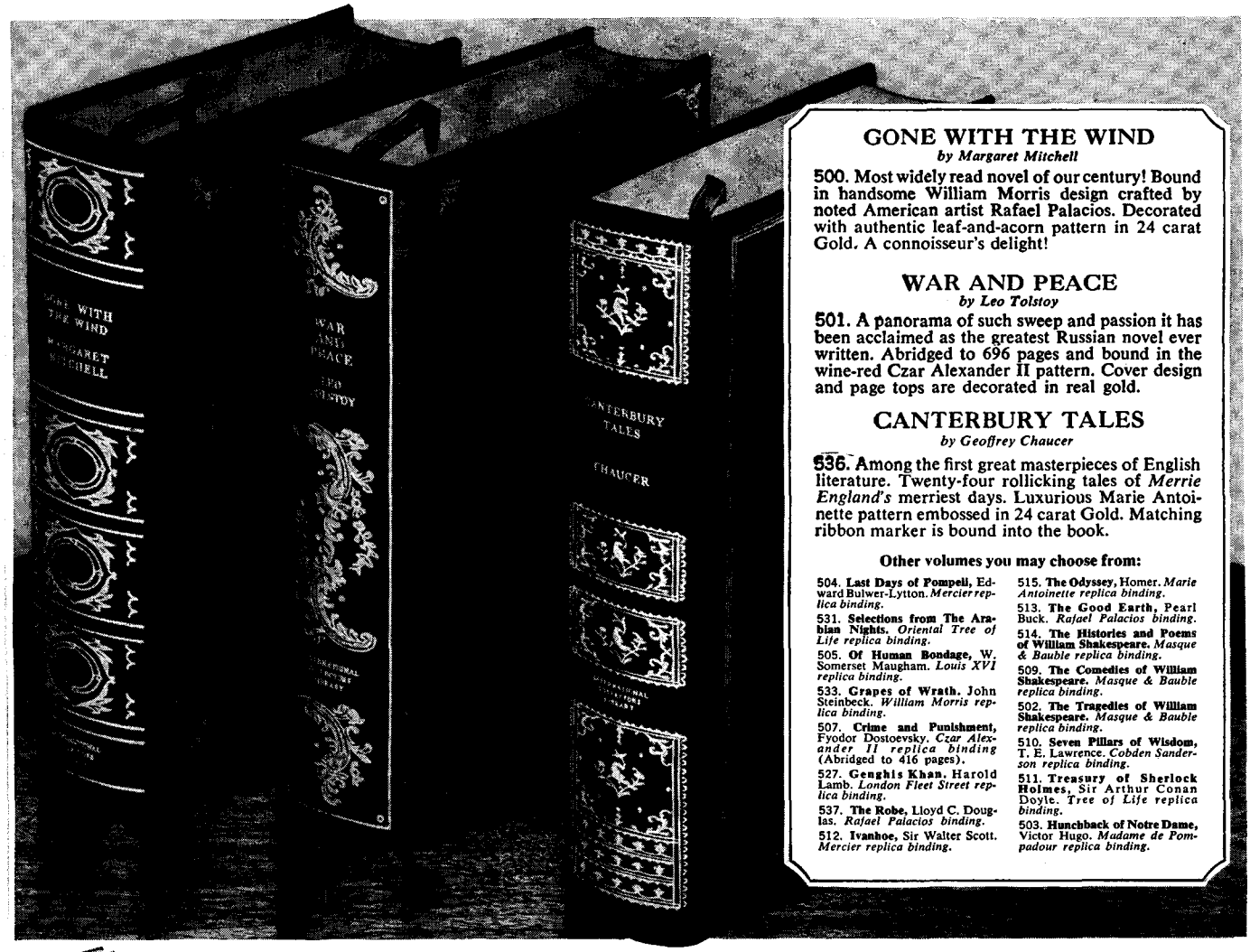

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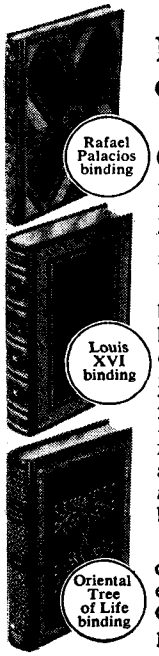

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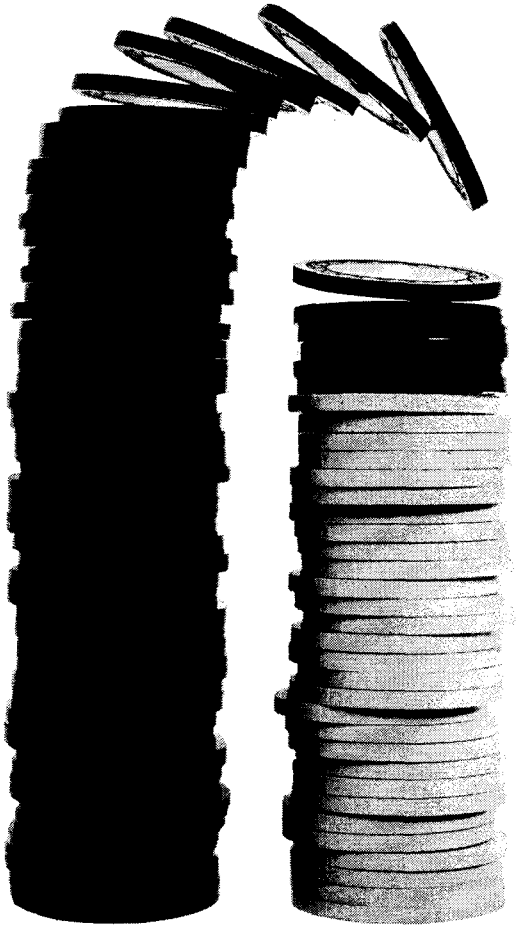

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WHY WE ARE in Vietnam and the scope of our efforts have often been set forth in these pages. The reasons for and magnitude of the Soviet involvement, however, are a neglected subject that we must explore if we are to choose meaningful approaches to a settlement of the war. **Albert Parry,** chairman of Russian Studies at Colgate University, has compiled from Communist and intelligence sources a picture of Soviet aid to Hanoi that shows both Moscow's care to avoid a direct confrontation with U.S. forces and its need to step up its military contribution in order to best China in the struggle for paramountcy in world Communism. Professor Parry is a visiting lecturer at the U.S. Army War College. His latest book, *The New Class Divided,* was published last year by Macmillan. . . . The plight of the refugees in South Vietnam is indeed a humanitarian problem, but, according to **Edward B. Marks,** the political effects of moving peasant families out of the narrow confines of village life and training them in new skills may well create a more aware and nation-minded electorate. Mr. Marks was recently assigned to London as AID representative in the embassy there after a tour as AID Refugee Coordinator in the U. S. mission in Saigon.

Among the causes of the defeat of Paul Douglas in the Illinois senatorial campaign, one of the most far-reaching was the way Charles Percy exploited the issue of open-occupancy housing to gain white votes in his campaign, while Senator Douglas courageously stuck to his convictions on civil rights. **Richard C. Wade,** the author of *Slavery in the Cities* (Oxford, 1964), is a professor of American History at the University of Chicago. He served as an aide to Senator Douglas in the the campaign. . . . **Marvin H. Zim,** who covers South Asia for Time-Life News Service from a New Delhi base, raises the question of how long Pakistan can survive the strains of being a nation in two widely separated parts, with a persistent independence movement in the East undermining the control of the government in the West. . . . There has been a great deal of talk about the defense of citizens' rights through civilian review boards, but what about the rights of the police? The recent Supreme Court decisions make a simple arrest fraught with potential legal complications that only a lawyer can untangle. This is why Corpus Christi, Texas, in a pioneering experiment, has put a lawyer out on patrol in a police squad car. **James Biery,** a writer in the office of Planning and Development of Northwestern University, recently spent five days accompanying him on his rounds. . . . Beaufort is a small South Carolina city of ante-bellum charm and well-intentioned white citizens with somewhat anachronistic attitudes toward race relations. The slow and painful pace of change in Beaufort is recorded by **James K. Batten,** Washington correspondent of the Charlotte, North Carolina, *Observer.* . . . **Fernando Krahn** greets the New Year with reservations.

Helen Hudson, whose chilling short story launches the year for us, is the author of two novels: *Tell the Time to None,* and *Meyer, Meyer,* soon to appear. Both are issued by Dutton. . . . **Gerald Weales** is a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **Robert Sklar** is on the University of Michigan faculty. . . . **Ogden Nash** has some reflections on a modern Wonderland. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** reviews Garson Kanin's memoir of Somerset Maugham. . . . **Thomas W. Wolfe,** a senior staff member at the RAND Corporation in Washington, D.C., is the author of *Soviet Strategy at the Crossroads* (Harvard) and is at work on a book about the evolution of Soviet policy toward Europe. . . . A priest and sociologist,. **Father Andrew M. Greeley** is senior study director of the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago.

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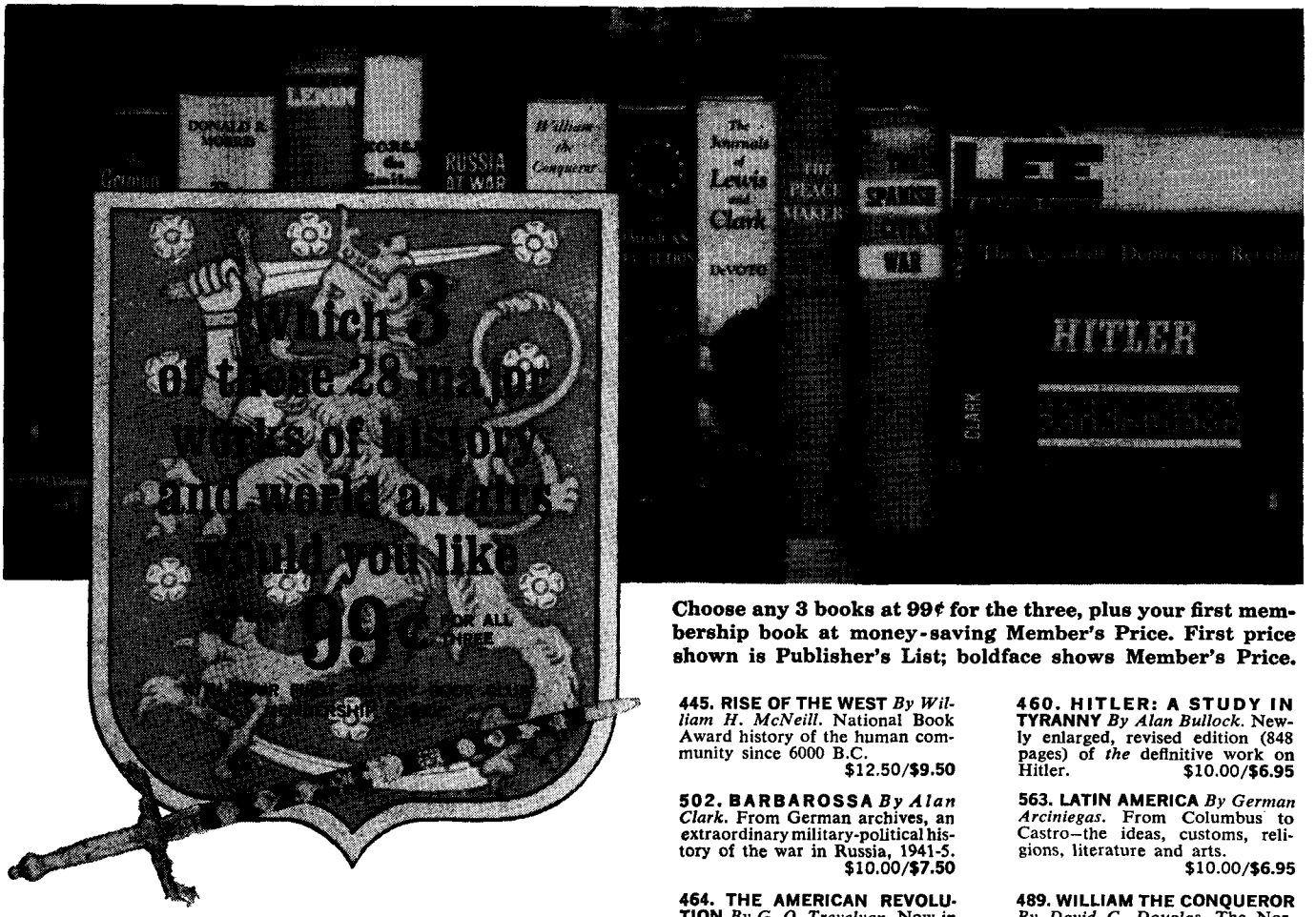

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DAVID ORMSBY-GORE, LORD HARLECH

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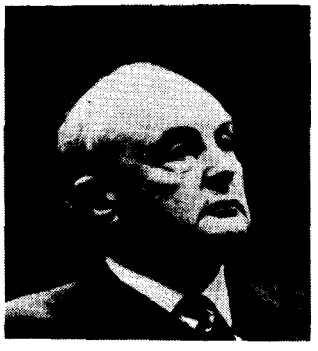

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

To the Editor: Douglass Cater's mild reprimand to the fourth estate ("For the Record," *The Reporter*, December 15) is well taken. The perplexing problem of political reporting is indeed one of percentage, proportion, and perspective. Since most reporting is episodic, the exceptional, the unrepresentative, or the bizarre is often presented without giving the reader any understanding of how the story fits into the larger scheme of things.

Vietnam is a case in point. The problem is not the absence of specific facts but the absence of perspective. We get many little pictures but not the big one.

ERNEST W. LEFEVER
The Brookings Institution
Washington, D.C.

CINEMUD

To the Editor: We are grateful to *The Reporter* and Sarel Eimerl for the outstanding article "A Plea for the Vieille Vague" (*The Reporter*, December 15). For much too long we have been bombarded by the sensationalist yet intolerably dull and meaningless drivel that is passed off in "art" movies and other films and in literature as sophisticated and profound commentary.

WILLIAM E. RATLIFF
Seattle

To the Editor: All during the reading of "A Plea for the Vieille Vague" I waited for the sign that it was a flight into satire, but alas, it just didn't come. Mr. Eimerl wants anything to be censored that is stronger than picking tulips or that has any resemblance to forms of emotion or psychological unrest. There should indeed be censorship, and it should be placed upon all such narrow minds as Mr. Eimerl's.

STEVE SILLS
New York

To the Editor: Who is this Sarel Eimerl, whose idiocies you print so casually on the San Francisco Film Festival? At first I thought the article "A Plea for the Vieille Vague" was a put-on, and expected to find that Sarel—whoever he may be—was really S. J. Perelman. No such luck. Spare us more lively tongue-in-cheek movie writing, please. Pauline Kael is more than enough, now that Dwight Macdonald has moved on to browner pastures.

RICHARD MILES
Los Angeles

HOSPITALS

To the Editor: Judith Randal's "Wasteful Duplication in Our Hospitals" (*The Reporter*, December 15) is well conceived, well documented, and clearly written. My only suggestions would be to expand the examination of some of the ills of our hospital system to include two other major problem areas: first, the lack of integration of the hospital with other health-care systems—particularly in view of the high proportion of morbidity created by long-term chronic illness, which requires a co-ordinated system of health care ranging from intensive care in the hospital through rehabilitation centers, to the home, and the job (and often back again); and second, the impersonality of our hospitals so that rarely can a patient identify any one person among the myriad who care for him as the one who has primary responsibility for his welfare and to whom he can turn for advice and guidance at all phases of his illness.

JOHN CASSEL, M.D., Professor
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill

To the Editor: I have read with a great deal of interest the article on hospital efficiency and I think it gives a very interesting account of the situation that exists throughout the country. There is increasing concern about this situation, which tends to increase hospital and other health costs, and I am glad that *The Reporter* is calling attention to it.

MARION B. FOLSOM
Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, New York

BATMAN AND THE SOLONS

To the Editor: The Reporter's Note "The Nine Supersolons" (December 15), on the Georgia election case, took on several layers of unintended irony after the Supreme Court's decision [upholding the state's authority to decide

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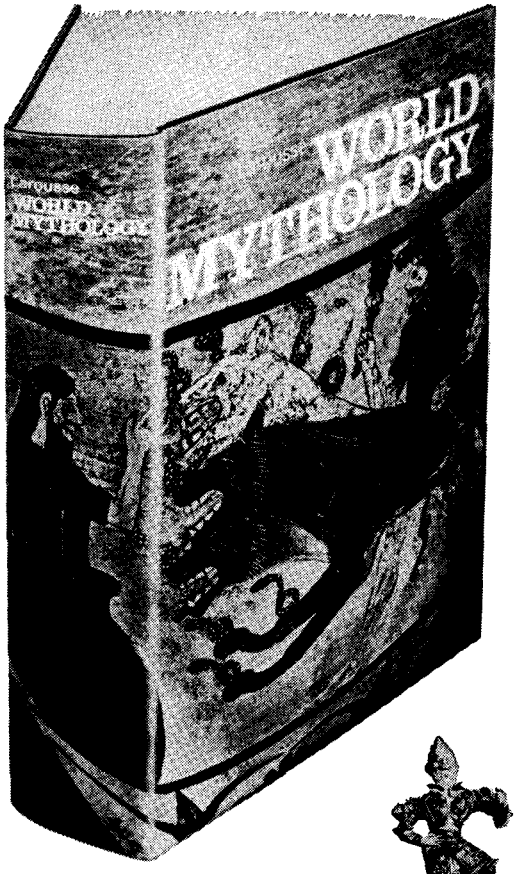

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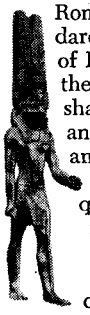

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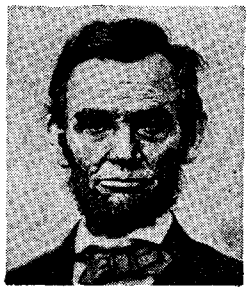

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a gubernatorial election in the legislature]. The decision can indeed be described as "cautious," but the practical result—the almost certain "election" of a zealous enemy of the progressive trend of the court and of society itself—*can never be considered commendable.*

It would not be so galling if we had to suffer Lester Maddox in order to uphold a reasonable interpretation of the Constitution. But it seems that Mr. Maddox will be an entirely unnecessary evil, and that Georgia has been sacrificed to an attempt to calm the turmoil over the court's "one man, one vote" decisions.

One wonders what the court would make of the indecisive contest for city commissioner in Gainesville, where the two candidates each received 674 votes and the single ballot needed for a plurality was cast for Batman. Since the city charter does not provide for a runoff in case of a tie, the election must be held again, on February 7. The power of the write-in vote in Georgia boggles the mind: imagine Batman clashing with the Supersolons!

JENNIFER BARTON
Columbus, Georgia

POSTDILUVIAN ITALY

To the Editor: Sidney Alexander's article ("Florence After the Deluge," *The Reporter*, December 15) is a magnificent and stirring report of one of the greatest disasters that ever occurred in the history of art.

ARTHUR A. HOUGHTON, Jr., President
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York

IN RE OSWALD

To the Editor: It was good to read an article ("Legal Ignorance and False Logic," by A. L. Goodhart, Q.C., *The Reporter*, December 15) shooting down some of the myths about the Warren Commission that Mark Lane has created. Lane's unseemly private quarrel with the Commission unfortunately has made it possible to discredit his statements concerning what are to me very real questions about how the assassination was accomplished. Having read the Dallas police reports, witnesses' testimony, and the Warren Report itself, I cannot, for instance, dismiss so easily as does Mr. Goodhart the unresolved problem of where the police got the assassin's description that was broadcast within fifteen minutes of the shooting. It was a better description of Oswald than any eyewitness's.

Mr. Goodhart's cavalier treatment of the questions raised by Edward Jay Epstein in *Inquest* makes me feel that Goodhart had little familiarity with the evidence and testimony. If he had, I do not believe he could contend that the single-bullet theory was not "crucial" just because the Commission said it was not. Mr. Goodhart's labeling of *Inquest* as "malicious or ignorant" betrays his prejudices.

JEROME DOOLITTLE
St. Louis

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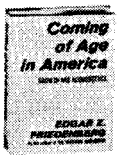

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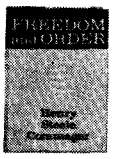

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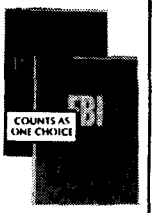

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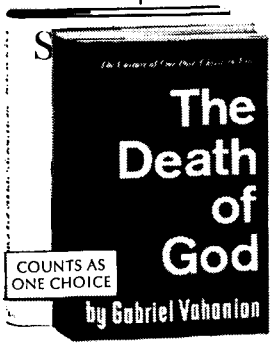

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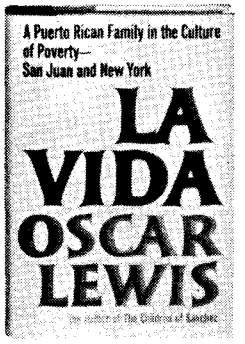

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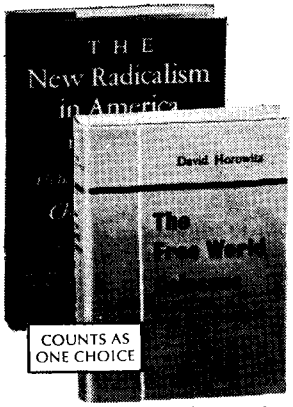

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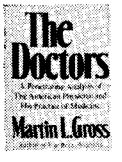

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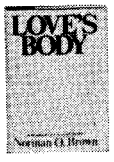

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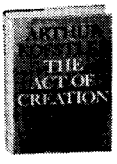

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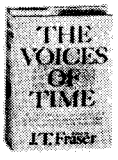

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No.161

by HENRY ALLEN

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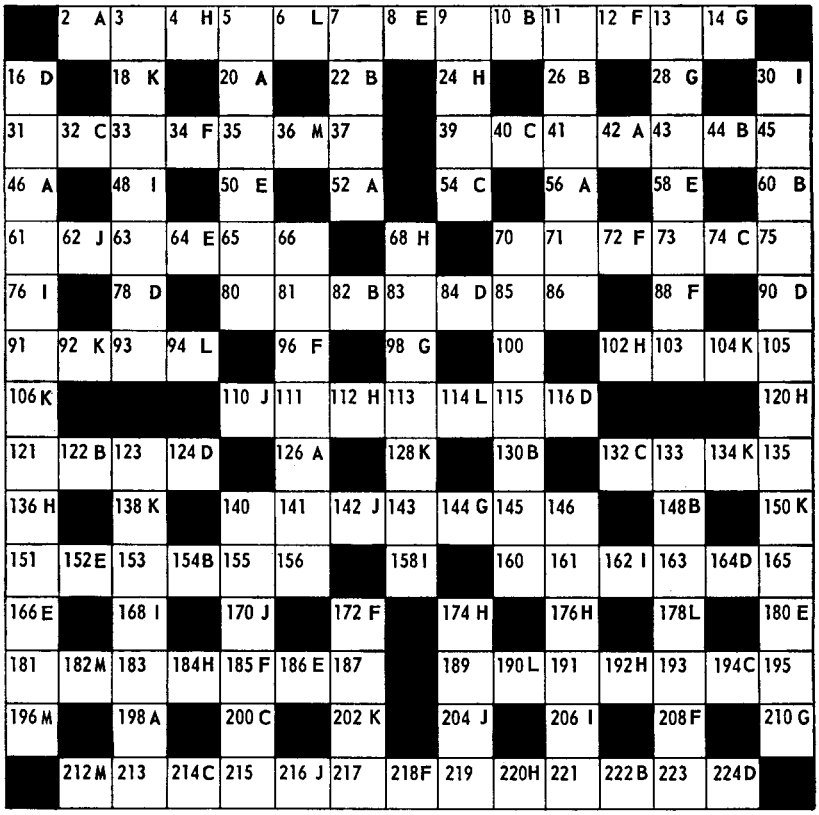
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A — 198 52 2 20 46 56 42 126 A part of Word D and the setting for part of 212 Across.

B — 44 122 148 10 60 22 222 82 154 130 26 An incongruous mixture (4,7).

C — 32 74 132 214 194 40 200 54 A building for the making of cordage.

D — 78 124 90 164 84 16 116 224 Setting for work of the Acrostician.

E — 58 152 8 50 180 186 166 64 Soon afterward (archaic).

F — 72 185 218 88 96 172 12 34 208 The exponent of the base in mathematics.

G — 28 144 14 98 210 "A nice man is a man of nasty_____." Swift, "Thoughts on Various Subjects."

H — 24 176 174 120 4 192 68 136 112 184 102 220 Fastest liner afloat (6,6).

I — 206 162 76 30 48 168 158 Wallows or flounders through water.

J — 62 142 204 170 216 110 Refitted with shoes (said of a horse).

K — 18 138 150 128 134 106 202 92 104 A trivalent metallic element of the rare-earth group.

L — 6 178 94 114 190 "Age, I do_____ thee." Shakespeare, "The Passionate Pilgrim."

M — 36 182 212 196 One of the teams that beat out the Yankees in 1966.

ACROSS

2. The Acrostician's latest claim to fame (3,4,6).
31. No sharp persons are parentless.
39. To crab about ICU makes you like a big animal.
61. Heraldic ornaments are the tops here.
70. Caviar that's real old nut not 500 (3,3).
80. My tears are returning in rivulets.
91. Soft soap may be porridge to a Scot.
102. Take a letter from Selma to order shade trees.
110. Does a maid don a girl's singular best friend?
121. Too in equal solutions.
132. A pair makes equal (comb. form).
140. Programs that end in the middle of the saga.
151. It's far from these mythical Arabian demons.
160. Alas, I'm reformed, but this food is still popular.
181. Designs on the flesh?
189. A Communist pawn found at daylight?
212. Another work of the Acrostician (3,7,3).

DOWN

3. A shy hen finds a pea with little dashes on the page.
5. Smallest quantities make less at everything.
7. Average; in fact, doubly so.
9. The male deer may be a dashing dandy.
11. Caustically try a small light.
13. Generous of the party.
16. Quaker neutrals, perhaps.
30. Pouters insist on such beliefs.
66. The violins may have these attached.
68. Man sees change in things belonging to mariners.
70. Girls whose name means "worthy to be loved."
123. A period of time on part of the racetrack.
133. The first state?
140. The land around Loch Rannoch. The Duke owns it all, tho.
146. Sets an alteration for the least mad.
172. At home, I go wrong (2,2 or 1,3).
174. Caesar, himself, perhaps can make good pies.

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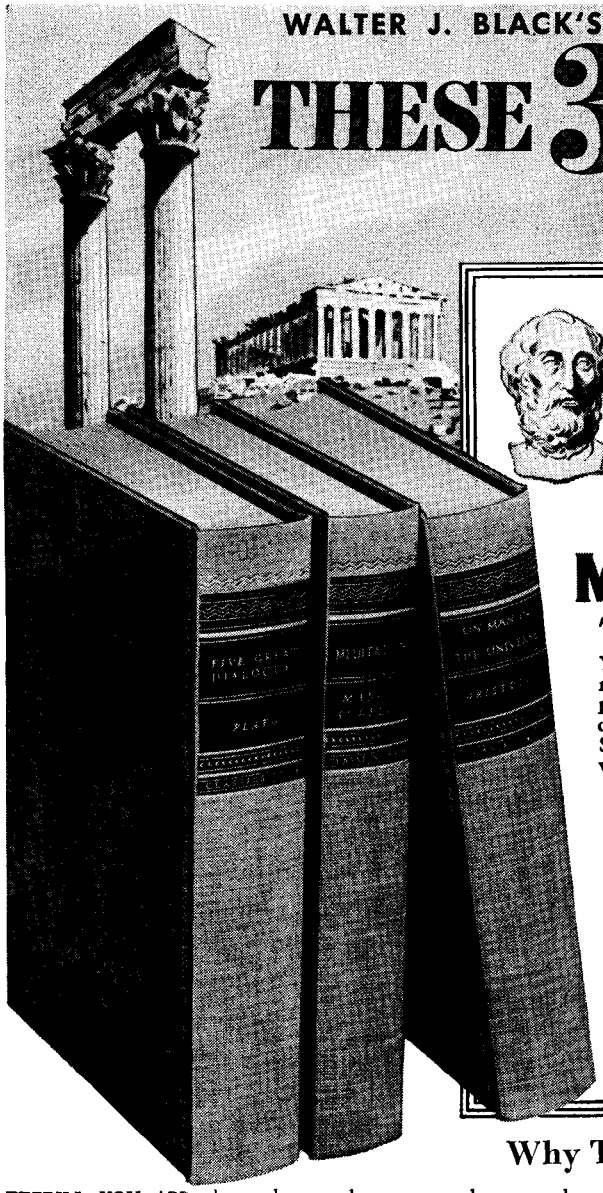

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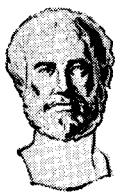

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Capital Punishment

In the final hours of the eight-year administration of Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown of California, a dramatic and provocative issue that has seemed to haunt his career flared up again—the death penalty. On December 28, Brown commuted the death sentences of four of the sixty-four men being held in California on Death Row. This is the longest roster of men marked to die in any state and, as far as we can learn, in any civilized country. What invests the list with special poignancy is the fact that these condemned men have been accumulated over recent years—stacked up, as it were—in an anteroom to the gas chamber while California has gone four years without an execution.

Now a new governor is in office who supports capital punishment. Ronald Reagan has said: "We have to reorient our thinking about our soft attitude toward crime. . . . I believe in capital punishment. . . . While all of us are disturbed by it, I believe it is a deterrent."

Reagan's position is at odds with current trends in America's system of justice. In most states the death penalty, which has been abandoned in many democratic countries of Europe, has been abolished or is under attack. There are now thirteen "abolitionist" states. The first was Michigan, back in 1847, and Senator Philip A. Hart from that state has proposed a Federal abolition bill. Although in the nation as a whole more than 350 men are under sentence of death and awaiting execution, only one had been executed in 1966 up to December 1, according to the U.S. Bureau of Prisons' records. In 1965, seven were executed; in 1964, fifteen; in 1963, twenty-one; in 1962, forty-seven.

It is strange that capital punishment has not inspired any great debate while it has been steadily falling into disuse. True, opinion has shifted. In 1953, the Gallup Poll found Americans sixty-eight per cent in favor of capital punishment, but last year only forty-two per cent still favored it. The trial courts seem to ignore the trend, for the sentence continues to be imposed, even where the final step is not carried out. However, a gradual decline in the imposition of capital punishment is also evident. In 1961, 136 were sentenced to die. Last year the total was only sixty-seven.

WHAT accounts for the change is not gubernatorial intervention but judicial decision. Recent Supreme Court decisions have stressed the rights of persons accused of crime, allowing a great many to win new trials. It is not some esoteric game of law-making or opinion-making that has jammed the gears in the old system of "a life for a life" to which this country was accustomed until the past few years. The change has clearly arisen from a persuasion that the death penalty no longer has a necessary or even a tolerable role in the modern concept of justice. Its value as a deterrent is simply no longer credible. While district attorneys and police dispute the point, criminologists insist that fear of death does not deter men from crime any more than it used to deter pickpockets from working the crowds at public hangings in the days when pickpockets themselves paid for the crime on the gallows.

On March 1, 1960, Brown made a statement to a special session of the legislature that put the matter clearly in focus: "The naked, simple fact is that the death penalty has been a gross failure. Beyond its horror and incivility it has neither protected the innocent nor deterred the wicked. The recurrent spectacle of publicly sanctioned killing has cheapened human life and dignity

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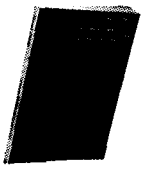

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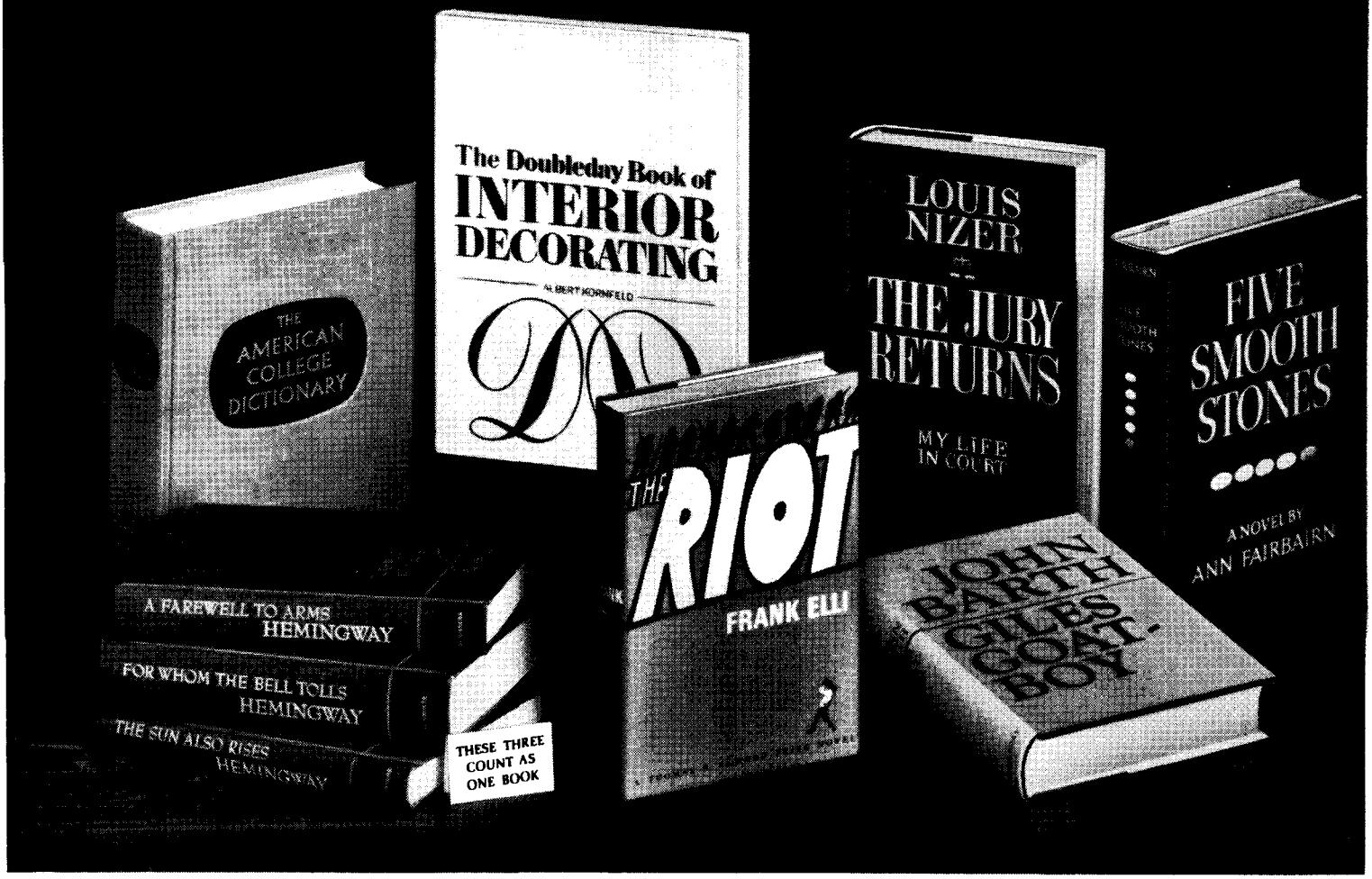

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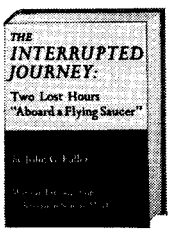

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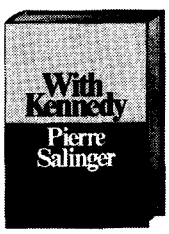

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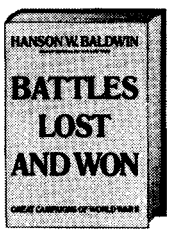

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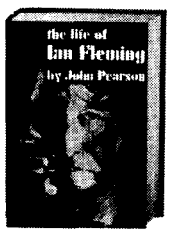

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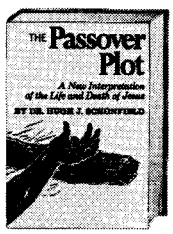

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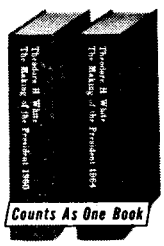

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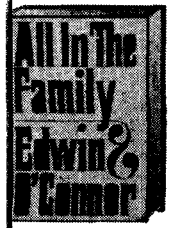

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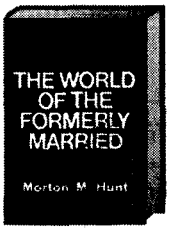

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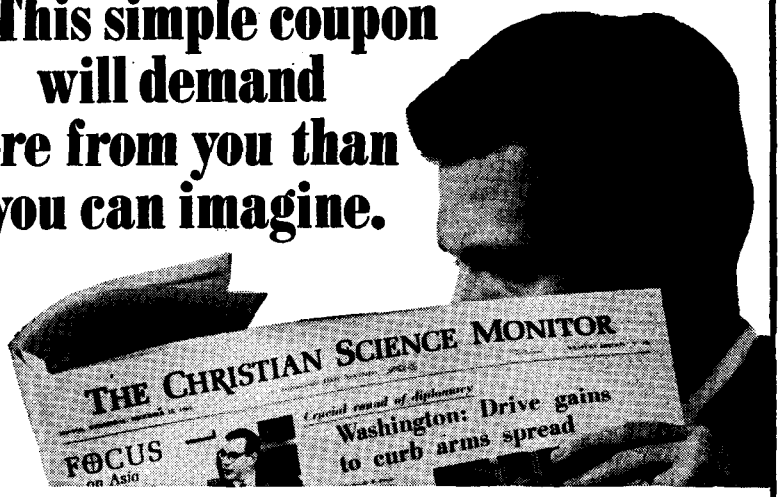

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without the redeeming grace which comes from justice meted out swiftly, evenly, humanely." Brown said that the penalty is "too random, too irregular, too unpredictable and too tardy to be defended as an effective warning to wrongdoers."

It would be dismaying if California, which has set the pace for modern penology in America for the past generation, should now revert to vengeance and retribution in its system of justice. What they are saying in San Quentin these days is that the public would never tolerate sixty executions, but one or two may have to take place before the penalty becomes an object of passionate controversy.

Matter of Opinion?

As readers of the New York *Times* and its news service are now well aware, the town of Namdinh, which straddles the main railroad running southward out of Hanoi along the coast, has come in for some heavy U.S. bombing. Thanks to the on-the-spot reporting of one of the paper's assistant managing editors, Harrison Salisbury, who has been visiting North Vietnam, a good deal of confusion has arisen on military and moral issues involved in these air attacks. Take, for example, the following items:

The Mayor of Namdinh: "Mayor Doan," reports Mr. Salisbury, "regards her city as essentially a cotton-and-silk textile town containing nothing of military significance. Namdinh has been systematically attacked by American planes since June 28, 1965."

Mr. Salisbury himself: "No American communiqué has asserted that Namdinh contains some facility that the United States regards as a military objective. It is apparent, on personal inspection, that block after block of ordinary housing, particularly surrounding a textile plant, has been smashed to rubble by repeated attacks by Seventh Fleet planes."

Commander Robert C. Mandeville: In the *Times* of December 29, the commanding officer of a carrier-based squadron attached to the Seventh Fleet said in an interview that he found Mr. Salisbury's story

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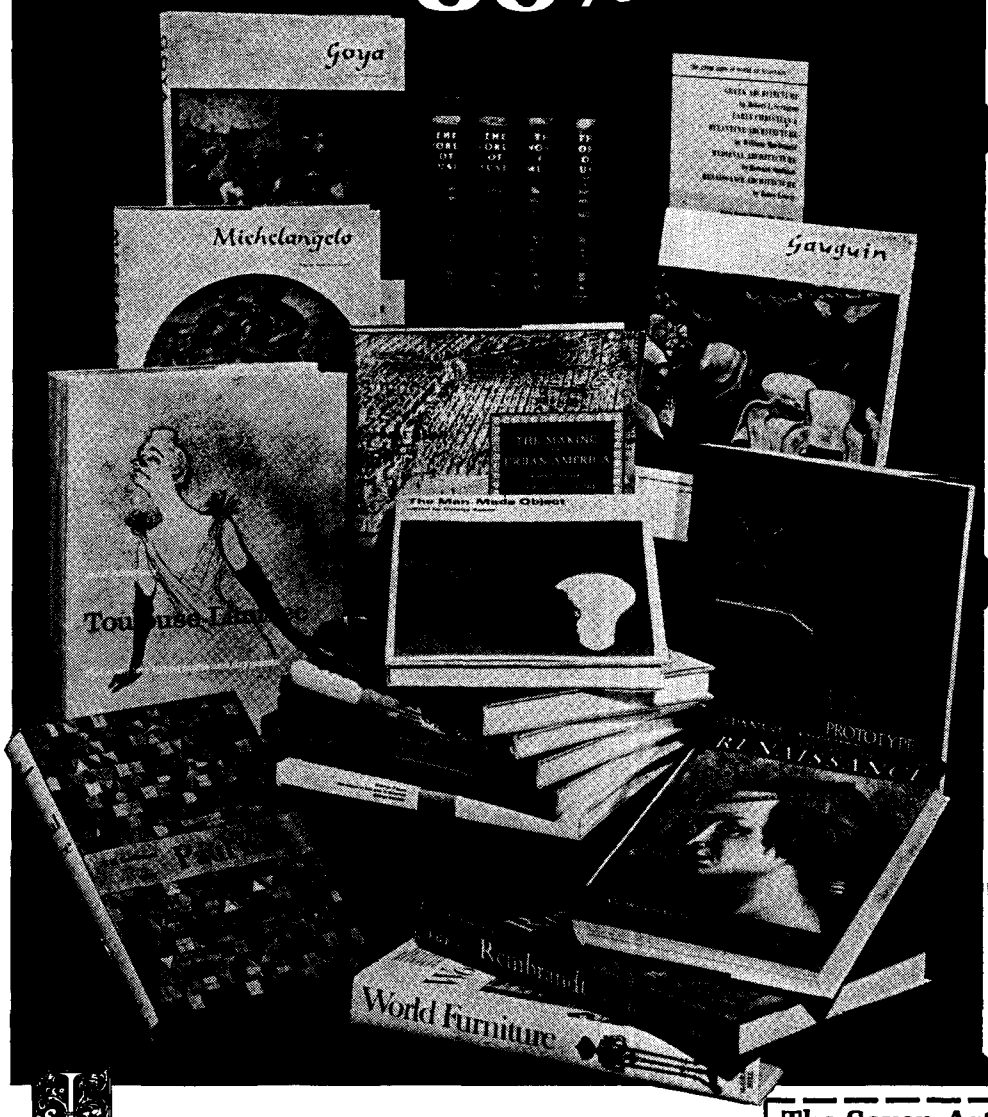

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about Namdinh "unbelievable." The paper reported that "Commander Mandeville said the city was a bombing target [because of its] large transshipment area on the banks of the Dao River, a fuel depot on a delta 'east of town' and rail yards to the west." He added that "the antiaircraft defenses around the city were 'extremely heavy' and included missiles as well as standard batteries, indicating the city was tactically important."

It seems to us that's a whole lot of protection for an innocent old textile town.

The Rites of Winter

"I'm a candidate for Senate leadership position Smathers resigned. Newsweek magazine predicts I can win. I can with your help. Urgent you call me collect Washington." We have no idea how sizable a phone bill Senator Fred R. Harris (D., Oklahoma) incurred as a result of this message, which he telegraphed recently to his far-flung Democratic colleagues in the Senate, but it is typical of the biennial exertions of Representatives and Senators of both parties who—between November and January of most even-numbered years—campaign for positions of leadership in Congress.

These are harrowing efforts indeed. They require a tracking and communications system worthy of NASA, an ability to bluff and cajole from afar, and above all surefootedness among the slipperiest of commitments—vague expressions of friendly interest on the part of Senators, who ultimately cast their ballots in secret. Invariably, by mid-December, when the candidates start issuing optimistic estimates of their first-ballot strength, the total of their commitments somewhat exceeds the total number of votes that can be cast.

There are other invariables, and one is the element of surprise. One of the few unimpressive legacies Paul Douglas left the Senate, for instance, was its current Democratic whip, Russell B. Long of Louisiana, who was elected to that job two years ago largely because Douglas supported him as an "economic populist," and was able to bring others around to his position.

The post to be filled this year, Secretary of the Democratic Conference, is not as important; it is the third leadership job. But the contest is just as hot and some of the alliances are just as peculiar. Consider a second candidate, Senator Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia, who has made his reputation chiefly as an antagonist of the District of Columbia's welfare program. Byrd is being supported not just by Southerners and a few of their like-minded colleagues, but also by Senator Ernest Gruening of Alaska, a perennial high-scorer on those ADA tabulations of Congressional virtue. Why? It frequently happens that Western Senators, irrespective of their political orientation, are singularly inclined to get along with members of the Appropriations Committee, on which Byrd serves. Others claimed that it is based on nothing more profound than the fact that Byrd asked the Senator from Alaska for support before anyone else did.

THE THIRD announced candidate is none other than the Senate's own anti-establishmentarian, Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania. Clark, who has claimed more votes than either Byrd or Harris, appears to want the post for two reasons. One is that the Secretary of the Democratic Conference attends the weekly leadership meetings at the White House, where, in Clark's view, he would be able to represent the opinions of those of his colleagues who are not satisfied to be represented by Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and/or Russell Long. The other is that Clark faces a tough re-election campaign in 1968; one campaign already being waged against him in the press at home is based on the premise that he is an ineffective Senator.

Whether or not he wins the Senate post, however (he is said to be out front), Clark has already demonstrated that he has learned a thing or two about how the Senate runs. Upon his return from a trip abroad, when he heard that the secretaryship was vacant, he startled even his own staff by demanding, "How about me?" One answer was that two fellow liberals, Philip A.

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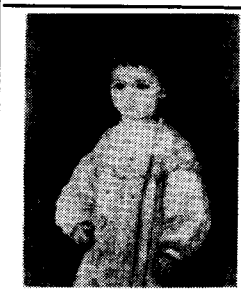

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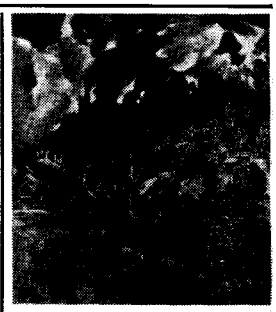

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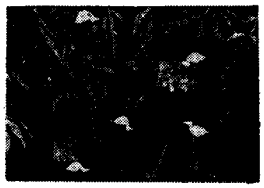

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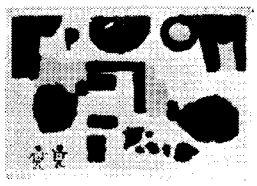

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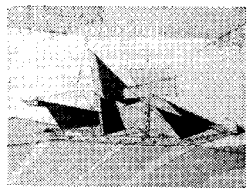

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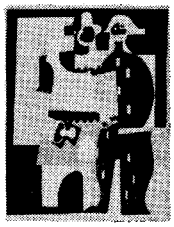

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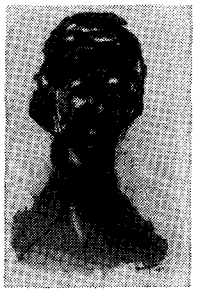

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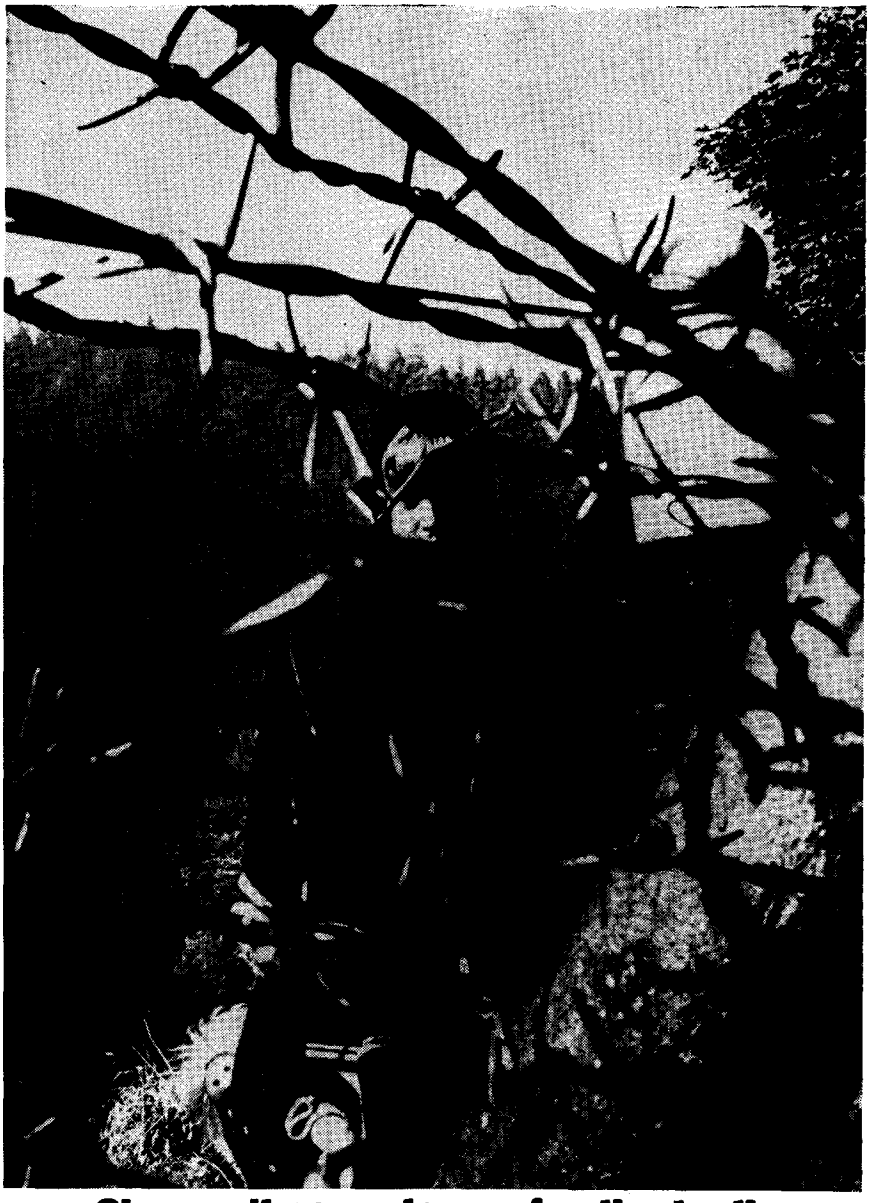

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Among those who are familiar with the intricacies of these recurrent struggles, there were several explanations for what was going on. Some argued that Muskie backed away from a fight because he hopes eventually to become majority leader and does not want to risk offending any of his fellow Democrats now. There was also some apprehension among Northern Democrats that their conservative colleagues, having granted Clark the highly symbolic job he sought, could then proceed to fill the many important committee posts now vacant with Senators of their own persuasion on the grounds that the claims of the liberals had been satisfied with the designation of Clark. And, as the predictable confusion and rumors set in at the last minute, it was also being speculated that a more moderate surprise candidate might turn up and carry the day.

As is his custom, Majority Leader Mansfield declined to indicate a choice, even though he is known to have been disappointed in the selection of Long as whip two years ago—an occurrence that he could have easily prevented. Indeed, both Mansfield and Long have demonstrated how susceptible the various leadership jobs are to the personality and foibles of those who hold them and who can increase or diminish their meaning. Should that most outspoken critic of the Senate's ways become Secretary of the Democratic Conference, it is likely that the characteristics of the job will inevitably change. Traditionally, the Secretary is the silent partner of the triumvirate—a role that Senator Clark has never been much inclined to play.

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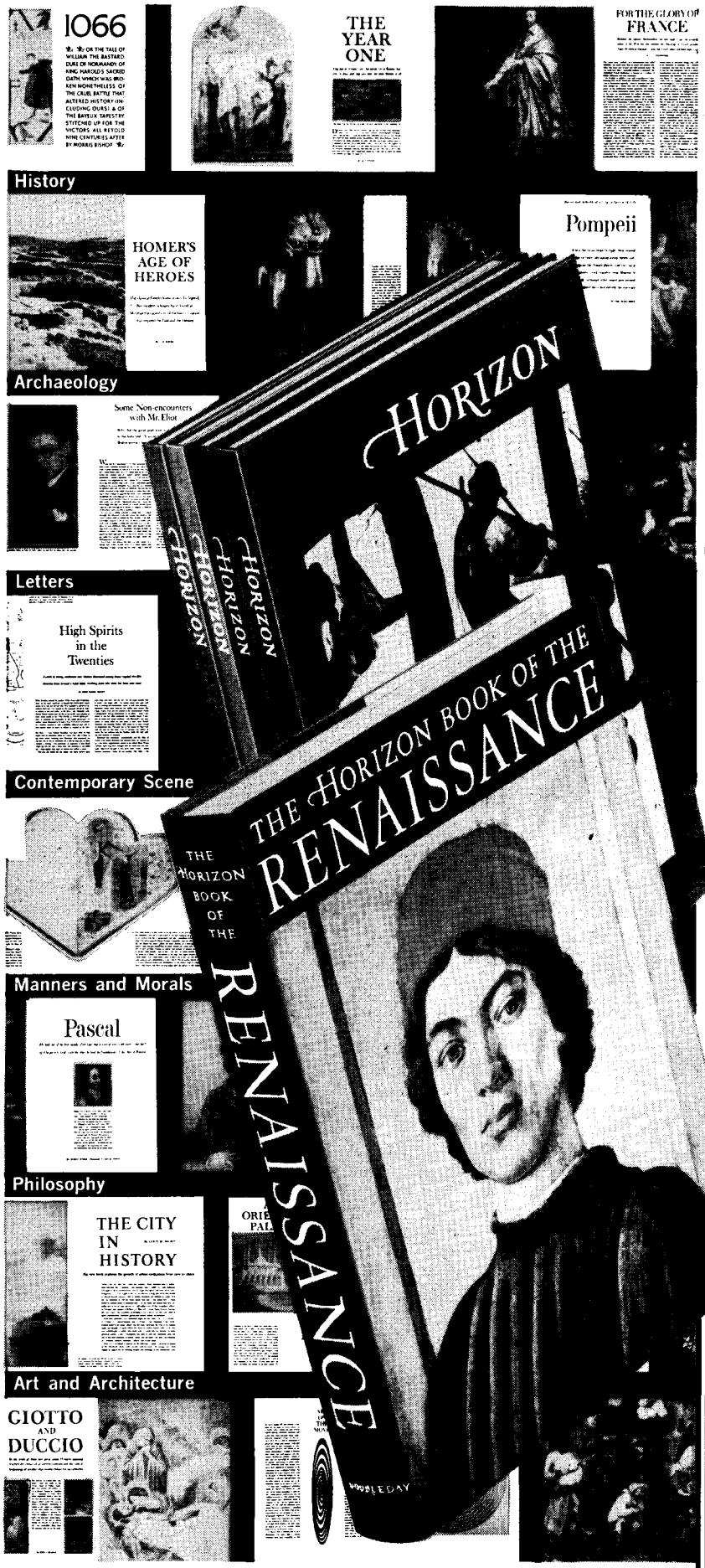

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Soviet Aid to Vietnam

ALBERT PARRY

LAST SUMMER, Ivan Shchedrov of *Pravda* accompanied a Vietcong unit as it made its way through the South Vietnamese jungle some thirty-five miles northwest of Saigon. He wrote in *Pravda* about his experiences, though without revealing many vital facts. More recently, two Soviet motion-picture cameramen, Oleg Artseulov and Vladimir Komarov, have returned from South Vietnam, where for weeks they lived and traveled with the guerrillas of the Mekong Delta's swamps and rice paddies. In September, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* ran four long articles on Artseulov's adventures. In late October and early November, Komarov wrote of his South Vietnam impressions in *Izvestia*. Judging from the sixteen accompanying photos in both papers, all interesting and some even forceful despite their murky reproduction, the two Russians brought back a notable pictorial haul.

It is from reports like these that we get an impression of the growing Russian presence in Vietnam. The picture can be filled out by bits and pieces of information, some casual and scattered yet significant, in the Soviet and other East European press; the monitored texts of the surprisingly frequent broadcasts on the subject emanating from sundry East European radio stations; and the reports on the topic reaching us from a wide range of non-Communist diplomats, soldiers, seamen, newsmen, travelers, and other observers in Southeast Asia. And one thing is clear: the Russians are stepping up their aid to Vietnam.

A problem for the Soviet Union is the sheer logistic one of getting aid and supplies into the country. Increasingly it is sending them via the 7,500-mile sea lanes from Eastern Europe instead of relying on dubious Chinese co-operation in allowing men and matériel to proceed overland.

Until recently, while the bulk of Soviet aid still arrived by rail and truck via China, each American raid on the Vietnamese roads leading south from the Chinese border gave Peking one more excuse to halt or slow down the Soviet shipments, then to blame the Soviets for the sluggish trickle. Chief among Peking's aims was to force Moscow to increase its seaborne aid and thus cause an American blockade of the Soviet sea traffic as well as American raids on the port of Haiphong. Such a development, the Chinese hoped, would lead to a break between Moscow and Washington.

In spite of some angry insistence in Congress and elsewhere in America, there is no blockade so far. But we did start bombing the outskirts of Haiphong and our shell and shot have fallen close to the Soviet ships; a few Soviet seamen have been wounded or injured. Also, American naval units insistently follow and query, by semaphore, Communist vessels en route to Vietnam. On a single day last September the Bulgarian ship *Stara Planina* bound for Haiphong counted a total of twenty-five American plane and helicopter passes over her decks.

Nevertheless, despite a few angry notes of diplomatic protest, the Russians are relieved that the United States has not resorted to anything like the stringent sea-and-air measures of the 1962 Cuba crisis, and they continue to send increasing supplies to North Vietnam by sea.

It is not so generally known that the Chinese, too, are in this sea commerce with North Vietnam. In mid-August of 1966, word from Hong Kong indicated that the so-called socialist traffic coming into Haiphong consisted in an average month of ten to fifteen Red Chinese ships in addition to six to eight Soviet vessels and five from other Eastern European nations, each ship bringing from six to ten thousand tons of cargo. The Soviet government, however, claims a larger share of this sea traffic to Haiphong. Last August, it declared that more than half of all the ships then entering Haiphong were of Soviet registry.

"ODESSA-MAMMA," as the Russians fondly call the port, is the foremost source of all this traffic. An English-language broadcast from Moscow to southern Asia on December 23, 1965, exulted: "Odessa is the biggest port on the Black Sea. Its busiest route is the one leading to Haiphong. A constant caravan of big merchant ships is plying this lane." Vasily Merinianin, the Soviet official in charge of the Black Sea

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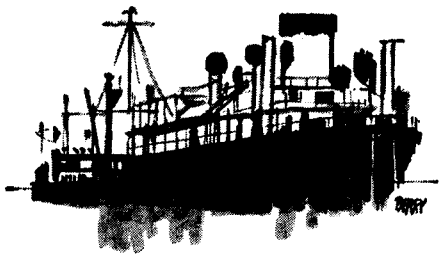

traffic, was then introduced by the broadcaster and said: "Soviet seamen regard it as their solemn duty to load and deliver goods to Vietnam as quickly as possible. They understand perfectly well that the arrival in Haiphong of every Soviet cargo ship helps the Vietnamese in their struggle against the American aggressors."

At the empire's eastern end, Vladivostok plays a role, too. The local stevedores' morale is kept up by frequent rallies. At one of these, an unusual tape of a U.S. air raid on the North Vietnamese port of Hon Gai was played. Recorded by the sailors of the Soviet ship *Vaykhan,* it enthralled the audience with the shrieks of the American jets, the explosions of the bombs, and the chorus of sirens of the ships at anchor off the port. Thus, said Radio Moscow speaking in Vietnamese to Vietnam last June 23, did the Soviet sailors "unmask U.S. crimes for the working people of Vladivostok."

Official Soviet statements praise Soviet sailors for helping North Vietnam's longshoremen unload their ships in record time. We may surmise, however, that part of the seamen's eagerness to help stems from a desire to cut short their own dangerous stay in North Vietnam's ports. Unofficial accounts from Soviet ports tend to confirm this. Not only reasons of security but also of the seamen's morale seem to be involved in the practice whereby some Soviet ships are announced as sailing for Latin-American destinations—until they reach the Mediterranean, where the crews are told that the course has been changed from Havana to Haiphong.

Sino-Gamesmanship

The overland route across China is by no means abandoned, even if it no longer carries as much of the Soviet aid as before. The history of the dispute over Soviet arms has been colorful.

Early in 1965, Hanoi urgently asked Moscow to help with anti-aircraft defenses. Ho Chi Minh wanted not only guns but also rockets, those famous SAMs or surface-to-air missiles. In February of that year the Russians agreed to send the first important shipments of weapons and groups of technicians, on condition that China clear their passage. China demanded the right of inspection. The Russians agreed but began to complain that China took its time about the job. China countered that it was sending the Soviet military loads and personnel across its soil with all possible dispatch but that the Russian matériel sent to Vietnam was either obsolete or so damaged that it was useless. The Soviets were accused of using this aid to Vietnam as a handy chance to clear damaged matériel from their warehouses. Moscow retorted that the Chinese often removed for themselves the best of the Soviet arms destined for Hanoi.

A contact in Washington tells me that much of the delay in Soviet shipments was due to the Chinese practice of copying (rather than keeping) certain pieces of Russian equipment. "In some cases the Soviet equipment was indeed damaged," he said, "but it was damaged by the Chinese experts, who weren't too expert. They didn't know how to reassemble the Soviet matériel after taking it apart for copying."

In March, 1966, in reply to Chinese charges that the Soviet help to Hanoi was all too scant, the Moscow leaders sent a confidential letter to all fraternal Communist parties. Carefully leaked out to the world at large via the East German Communists (who sent copies to their connections in Bonn), the letter stressed that in 1965 North Vietnam received from the Soviet Union arms and military equipment worth half a billion rubles ($555 million). The list included rocket installations and conventional anti-aircraft guns, MIGs and other planes, and tanks, coastal artillery, and small warships.

On April 21, 1966, Marshal Rodion Y. Malinovsky, the Soviet Defense Minister, delivered a public speech while on a visit to Budapest in which he again accused Communist China of seriously obstructing Soviet aid on its overland route to North Vietnam. In an indignant rejoinder of May 3, Peking's Foreign Ministry claimed that from February, 1965, when the Vietnam conflict was first seriously stepped up, to the end of that year, the Soviet Union shipped to Hanoi across China a total of forty-three thousand tons of war matériel—a pittance, in Peking's scornful opinion. Peking insisted that it was helping, not hindering, Russian aid. Furthermore, the Chinese claimed that in one period they provided 1,780 Chinese freight cars, of which the Russians used only 556.

THE TRUTH seems to be that the Chinese railroads and truck roads are generally inadequate to the sudden burden of Soviet shipments. The freight cars are poorly ballasted, the trains are small and slow. Furthermore, the changes from the broad Russian and Outer Mongolian gauge of five feet to China's four feet eight and a half inches and then to North Vietnam's even narrower roadbed involve a lot of lifting and shifting of the car bodies.

Nevertheless, the Chinese have made an attempt to cope with the problems: it is the well-disciplined and hard-working railroad troops they sent to Ho Chi Minh who keep the Vietnamese part of the supply route going in the face of the U.S. raids. These are reg-

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ular soldier-builders, in uniform, organized in divisions but not armed. They repair tracks and bridges and build alternative routes. Some have been reported to be laying out small airstrips near the border. A very few man the anti-aircraft batteries guarding North Vietnam's main transport centers, but usually this task is a jealously guarded prerogative of the Vietnamese. Last July officials in Washington estimated the number of such Chinese roadbuilders at thirty to forty thousand, but in August the guess went up to fifty thousand and in December to a hundred thousand (while the native Vietnamese busy on road work number a quarter million).

THERE IS of course a third way of sending help to Hanoi: by air. But this would mean flying Soviet cargo planes over China, and Peking does not like this at all. It insists on clearing each plane separately, rather than issuing a wholesale permit for overflight. And so the sea is more and more the answer. U.S. reconnaissance planes flying over Haiphong have photographed more and more supplies being unloaded from Soviet ships—not only peaceful machinery but also missiles and launching equipment as well as conventional anti-aircraft guns.

Since the fall of 1965, the number of conventional anti-aircraft guns in North Vietnam has risen from fifteen hundred to at least five thousand; one unofficial estimate in Washington puts the figure at seven thousand. In the fall of 1965 there were only four North Vietnamese batteries firing SAMs. By early October, 1966, this number had risen to twenty-five or thirty, each with six launchers. There were then some 130 sites from which the batteries could operate; twenty per cent were occupied and active at any given time.

An interesting domestic radiobroadcast in Czech, devoted in part to the military problems in Vietnam, was monitored in the West as it came out of Prague last July 29. Czech officers were asked questions that showed dissatisfaction on the part of local Communists with the SAM performance in Vietnam. One question was: "Is there no more effective anti-aircraft defense in existence that would prevent U.S. aircraft from bombing North Vietnam, and have the socialist states [meaning Czechoslovakia, of course] such means?"

In reply, Lieutenant Colonel Vladimir Novak of the Czech Military Academy reassured the listeners that, naturally, Czech radar and missile defenses were better. "This is because," he explained, "our defense is handled by men who have had years of training and also because we have a perfect ground warning system of long standing. This does not exist in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam." He went on: "I would not say that the number of American planes brought down is low. Several dozen have been shot down. Many more have been shot down by artillery and some by aircraft. The reason is that rockets demand years of experience and training. Incidentally, it is wrong to assume that the introduction of missiles means the end of anti-aircraft artillery. Missiles are too expensive and costly to be used against just any aircraft. They are used against aircraft that are carrying particularly dangerous bombs or attacking very important targets. For this reason it cannot be expected even in the future that this would change substantially—that missiles would become the sole defense against air raids. They are rather the exception. . . ."

Thus, via Prague, we garner one more hint that the Russians do not want to escalate the Vietnam war if they can help it—and surely not by sending in a substantially greater number of SAMs than they already have there, nor by training far larger numbers of North Vietnamese officers and soldiers to operate those computers and launchers.

Long-Range Training Plans

It is believed in Washington that some of the Soviet military assigned to SAM sites in North Vietnam may have been wounded or even killed, since they serve beside their native pupils in combat conditions. The Soviet experts train their students in or near Hanoi, then go with them to the actual battle stations to see how they do under fire. More coaching follows on the spot, so it is almost inevitable that the Soviet officers and soldiers actually man the radar screens and the missile-launching devices, at least in the initial stages of instruction.

According to *Krasnaya Zvezda,* the Soviet rocket men's working day in Vietnam officially lasts thirteen hours; unofficially, far longer. The extra time is devoted to "individual consultations" between the Soviet teachers and their charges. The trouble at first was that some of the young Vietnamese soldiers turned out to be deficient not only in technical knowledge needed for radar operation and missile firing but also in "general education," as the Russians gently put it. And so the spare hours were used to teach the Vietnamese their mathematics, chemistry, and elements of "electrotechnology." The group had native Vietnamese on the staff who spoke Russian, but many of the

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teachers and their pupils "worked out a language all their own—a wondrous mixture of Russian and Vietnamese words with technical terms." Both components of the group learned to understand one another very well, said the *Krasnaya Zvezda* correspondent in Hanoi.

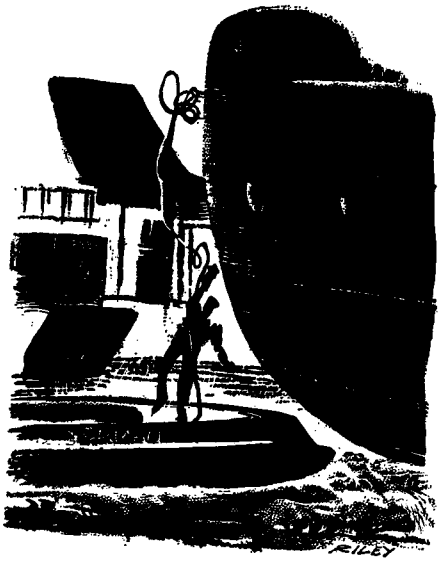
Much of the Soviet training of the Vietnamese goes on amid safer circumstances—in the Soviet Union. The sheer numerical record is impressive. Speaking in Mandarin to China on March 15, 1966, Radio Moscow boasted that at the time nearly three thousand young Vietnamese men and women were studying in the Soviet Union, and that while a total of 2,300 Soviet experts worked in North Vietnam in the years 1955-1964, some 4,500 Vietnamese experts had been trained in the Soviet colleges and universities by the spring of 1966.

In the summer and fall of 1966, these Vietnamese included enrollees in Odessa's higher Maritime Engineering School, training to be captains and engineers of North Vietnam's fleet. Nor would the Soviet Union let China remain the sole patron of Vietnam's railroad construction: among recent arrivals in Moscow are a group of North Vietnamese young men and women studying at the Institute of Railroad Transport Engineers. The full course lasts six years, and one might suppose that this project represents long-range Soviet plans of aid to Hanoi. But Communist history is replete with cases of emergency graduation of experts long before the set dates. These young students may be flown back home any day.

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT case of training involves the North Vietnamese air cadets now being taught by Soviet Air Force veterans to fly supersonic MIG-21 jets. One group of cadets succeeds another at graduation ceremonies near Rostov-on-Don—at the Soviet Air Force school of Bataisk, in the comparatively mild climate directly north of the Sea of Azov.

Photos and motion pictures made public in the Soviet Union show well-fed and smartly uniformed North Vietnamese cadets as they march or listen to lectures. The faces and figures are youthful, but an official Soviet report reveals that at least a few of the trainees are seasoned jungle fighters in their thirties. As an expert in Washington commented on this: "They may have selected such older men precisely because they know the jungle—in case they are shot down and have to survive. Then again, it may mean that these men have a technical background that is in rather short supply among the Vietnamese."

The need for flying cadets is urgent, if we are to believe the western estimate of mid-October that Ho Chi Minh's air force then consisted



of some fifty older MIG-15s and -17s and twenty MIG-21s, but that the Soviets were about to increase the number of the later models. Indeed, in mid-December western intelligence raised its unofficial estimate of the number of MIGs in Vietnam to 180 or even 200, the latest being some delta-winged MIG-21Cs and -21Ds. (A still later report spoke of North Korean pilots manning MIGs in North Vietnam.)

Also great is the need for interpreters to accompany the Russian lecturers. A Soviet film recently released showed a Russian military instructor teaching North Vietnamese flying cadets without any visible aid from interpreters. This apparently meant that either at least one of the Soviet instructors speaks fluent Vietnamese or some of the students learn Russian quickly.

As Moscow sends its experts to Vietnam to help the natives in matters both military and peaceful, the gain is of course in the fact that such specialists return home with a vastly expanded knowledge of Vietnam. Of an older yet very valuable vintage are those Russians who learned Vietnam and its ways and language in the 1940's and 1950's, and who in fact are veterans of the jungle warfare of that remote time. Such a man is Platon Skrzhinsky, forty-four, a native of the Ukraine now residing in Moscow. After the Second World War he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. But when the French shipped his unit to Saigon, Skrzhinsky made plans to desert. It took him a year to establish contacts with the guerrillas. In his new Vietminh ranks he found other deserters from the French: one Austrian, two Germans, and several Algerians. He received a Vietnamese name, Than, meaning "Loyal One." He married a native girl, and they had a baby. By 1950 he commanded a guerrilla artillery unit. He returned to Moscow in 1955, with his six-year-old Vietnamese daughter, Anya. For nearly ten years he has been employed as an editor with Radio Moscow, possibly helping with those broadcasts in Vietnamese to Southeast Asia. Present-day survivors of such desertions from the French Foreign Legion include a Pole, a Czech, and an East German. Most of this romantic group may still be used for whatever training, advising, or interpreting is required in their countries in connection with Vietnam.

A Billion in Aid

Of the "people's democracies" contributing to Ho Chi Minh today, East Germany is probably the most active. Military aid from Walter Ulbricht's government includes arms and electronic equipment specially made to stand up in tropical weather; also motorcycles and bicycles, so important for messenger service on North Vietnam's war-torn roads where automobiles cannot get through easily. Last September the writers' union in East Germany launched a fund drive to buy a thousand bicycles as a gift to Hanoi. The money comes by setting aside a percentage of the writers' honoraria.

The major part of Ho Chi Minh's medical supplies seems to come from

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East Germany, and a hundred East German doctors are reported to be serving in North Vietnam. In addition to the eight hundred Russians reportedly already present in North Vietnam on air-defense missions, some East German officers and men are rumored to be employed in North Vietnam's missile training. In goods and capital aid not directly of the war-matériel kind, Ulbricht's government is thought to have delivered to Ho Chi Minh from June, 1965, to October, 1966, a total of $4 million worth (calculated at the official East German rate of four marks to the dollar). Besides, regular commerce between East Germany and North Vietnam amounts to over a million dollars a year, consisting mostly of industrial wares going to North Vietnam and some food and consumer goods being sent to East Germany.

But the bloc's largest economic aid to and trade with Hanoi is of course extended by the Soviet Union. Gathered at a summit meeting in Moscow in mid-October, 1966, the Soviet Union and its eight allies agreed to give about $1 billion worth of additional help to Hanoi in matériel and money, of which $800 million is to come from the U.S.S.R. The others' contributions are typified by the Polish pledge of $30 million.

INGENIOUS Soviet deals to help North Vietnam began in the middle 1950's, right after the Geneva division of the country, with the celebrated "triangular" deal wherein Burma, to pay for Russian cement, delivered 150,000 tons of rice to Haiphong, thus (in Bernard Fall's opinion) saving North Vietnam from starvation. The first Soviet engineer came to the Haiphong cement plant in September, 1955; and it was he who showed the natives how to dig up the machines buried by the retreating French. In November of that year the first cement was produced, and by 1958 the output was twice as high as in the French era. In the summer of 1966, despite the American bombing raids, the Soviets claimed that production was three times as great.

Although precise figures are difficult to obtain, it is estimated that in the ten years through 1964, Soviet economic aid to North Vietnam totaled some $350 million. It faltered somewhat in 1963 and 1964 when Khrushchev apparently was resigned to seeing the country in China's orbit (in 1955-1964, China's economic aid to North Vietnam amounted to about $450 million). But Khrushchev's successors have revived the Soviet interest in Ho Chi Minh. Moscow's exports to North Vietnam rose from $47.6 million in 1964 to more than $74.8 million in 1965—

this of course in addition to some $555 million worth of arms sent in 1965 alone. The figures for 1966 promise to be still higher.

In its German-language broadcast to Germany on June 21, 1965, Radio Moscow declared that of the funds that North Vietnam was then getting from socialist countries (including China), nearly half came from the Soviet Union. A third of this Soviet aid, the broadcast said, was given free of charge. Some fifty industrial enterprises had by then been built or rebuilt with Soviet technical aid. Such Soviet-assisted plants produced all of North Vietnam's apatite and superphosphates, about ninety per cent of its coal, and more than half of its machine tools. The country's power, mining, engineering, and technical industries were all helped or run by the Russian donors and advisers.

From other Soviet sources we learn that the economic division of the Soviet embassy in Hanoi is in charge of all this aid. Vladimir Lokteshov, an economist staff member, supervises Soviet engineers and other experts who serve in the expansion of the Haiphong port, at the Hanoi machine-tool works, in the construction of a large refrigerating plant, at an electrical-supply factory, and at the coffee and tea plantations. It is claimed that the machine-tool plant, covering fourteen acres, is entirely fitted out with Soviet equipment. Aleksei Goncharov, another staff member in the embassy's economic division, is in charge of other Soviet engineering crews busy in North Vietnam's mines, geological exploration for more minerals and metals, and projects aimed at the expansion of certain of the country's large industrial enterprises. Their work is dangerous. In one place, nearly a hundred Soviet miners had to seek shelter from American raids. At another mine, near Uong Bi, one of the thirty-four Soviet miners was slightly wounded during a U.S. attack in 1965.

Forty Soviet engineers and technicians are aiding in the erection of a hydroelectric plant at Tkhak Ba. Albert Belikov, one of these men, returning to Moscow on a leave, said to a Soviet interviewer recently: "In the last year of my work in Vietnam I lived through several bombing raids. Many of my Vietnamese friends died under the American bombs. The howl of falling bombs caught up with me several times." In keeping with the official line (but perhaps not without some factual basis to it), Belikov said that relations between the Soviet experts and the Vietnamese workers were of the best. "When the sky is calm, we play soccer and volleyball together, we sing songs together."

A Delicate Balance

Whatever facts and figures the Russians officially reveal about their aid to North Vietnam are being made public not in order to taunt the United States but to impress Peking —and even more to refute to the rest of the Communist world the Chinese charges that Moscow is not helping Hanoi enough.

Wherever possible, Moscow cites high-minded generalities rather than hard details. And this not only for reasons of security but also, most definitely, so as not to anger the Americans too much.

Yet Moscow is not equivocal about its part in the conflict, even if it allots the quantities of arms it sends extremely gingerly. Obviously the Soviet Union wants neither the United States nor China to win. Still it wants no Third World War to

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result from the struggle in Vietnam. So its stream of arms is speeded up only after we escalate our involvement in one way or another, as we did in February, 1965, by striking at North Vietnam, and last summer by hitting Haiphong's and Hanoi's installations more directly.

The official word is that the Soviet Union and its East European allies have offered to send volunteers to fight in North Vietnam but that Hanoi has politely and gratefully declined the offer. The chances are that, fearing still another escalation of the war, Moscow has in fact refrained from such an offer, and that for reasons of propaganda and diplomacy it was agreed between Moscow and Hanoi that a fiction of offer and refusal would be maintained, although not too loudly or repeatedly. An American colonel conversant with the situation put it this way: "Hanoi would like to get all those volunteers but doesn't dare to ask for them. For were she to ask Russia and her allies, she would have to invite China, too, and this she wants to avoid. It's one thing to tolerate those Chinese railroad construction men with no guns, but quite another to have a whole army of Chinese with weapons. No, not in North Vietnam."

Informed U.S. officials feel that Hanoi does not fear the Russians even if they come armed. And perhaps this is so, because Hanoi knows that Moscow is not eager to send armed men so far away, to so many risks of greater conflicts. In fact, Moscow may yet return to its pre-October, 1964, attitude even in economic matters: its large and growing investment in North Vietnam may be curtailed if things calm down in Southeast Asia; if China, for instance, should relax in its post-Mao phase and an accommodation with Mao's more sensible successors became possible.

"If this happens," a Washington observer speculated, "Khrushchev's heirs may come to believe, as Khrushchev apparently did, that North Vietnam is after all too distant from Russia, and why not make a deal with Peking, exchanging, say, that wonderful machine-tool plant in Hanoi for some far more desirable properties closer to home—in Sinkiang, for instance?"

Saigon: The Impact Of the Refugees

EDWARD B. MARKS

THE REFUGEE is a constant in Vietnam's recent history. In other times and places, the death of a ruler, the end of a war, a change in régime, or the signing of a treaty closes the chapter, or at least permits a breathing space. But upheaval has been chronic in this beleaguered land, and each crisis has brought its own wave of refugees. The current wave exceeds all previous ones in size and complexity. Striking differences are apparent when it is contrasted with the huge but relatively peaceful trek of nine hundred thousand refugees across the 17th parallel after the Geneva Accords were reached in July, 1954. "Operation Exodus," as it was called, faced in a new direction; its refugees abandoned their former lives and settled quickly on new soil. Most entered South Vietnam as complete families, often as parishes and hamlets with strong religious (usually Catholic) or secular leadership. Occupationally, they were a cross section. Above all, they came to a land where combat had ceased, with many fertile acres available for colonization.

Today's refugees, essentially rural folk, a large number of whom are also Catholic, are mainly women, children, and old men. Many were forced to flee, and relatively few have escaped in hamlet or parish groups; there is much less cohesion and leadership than there was in 1954. Finally and more significantly, most of today's refugees live tantalizingly near their former homes. Some even farm their fields by day, returning to their new haven at nightfall, and most enter government territory with the initial expectation of returning home as soon as security permits.

This uncertainty would make planning difficult even if there were more areas under Saigon's control where arable land is both available and secure. But the military realities not only limit land settlement but also create a situation in which some people have been displaced for a second or third time. Many of the refugees of a decade ago have now been uprooted once more.

Filling the Void

An example of this—happier than most—is the fate of a group of about six hundred Catholic fishermen and their families who moved in 1955 from North Vietnam to the maritime province of Binh Thuan. The Vietcong began harassing the settlers as early as 1960, but it was not until May, 1965, that the villagers, with their boats, nets, and other possessions, took off down the coast and re-established their village on a bleak, uninhabited point near Vung Tau. Here they have made a rapid comeback. The men are mainly fishing again, but some of them, as well as some of the women, are employed in construction work or service trades in Vung Tau. The priest who came with them from the North still guides them, and most of the children are in school.

The security of some two thou-

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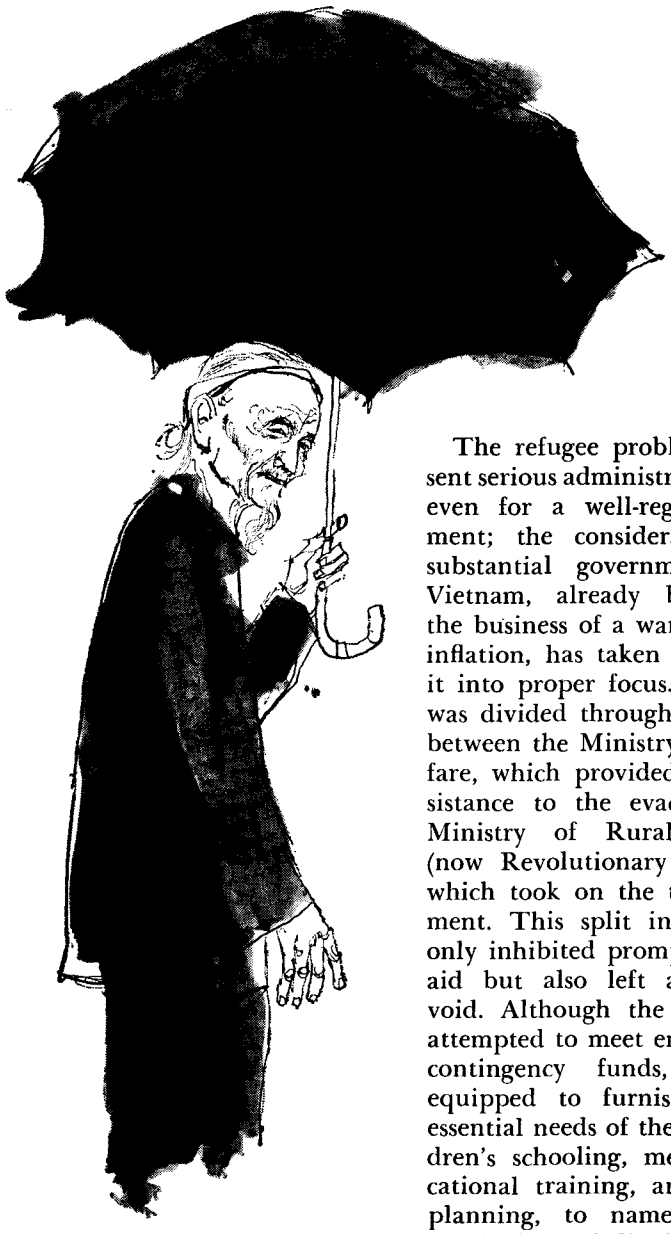

sand families in a fishing village in Quang Ngai Province is less assured. These refugees fled late in 1965 after ninety-seven homes in their village were destroyed when American aircraft attacked the occupying Vietcong. They returned with a pacification cadre at the end of January, 1966, when security was considered restored, but in March the Vietcong came back to set fire to the newly rebuilt village headquarters and terrorized the villagers. After the attack, the cadre was reinforced and the United States furnished cement and roofing for rebuilding the village. But as March ended, the Vietcong again entered in force. Since then, the village has changed hands several times.

The refugee problem would present serious administrative difficulties even for a well-regulated government; the considerably less than substantial government of South Vietnam, already burdened with the business of a war and a chronic inflation, has taken months to put it into proper focus. Responsibility was divided throughout all of 1965 between the Ministry of Social Welfare, which provided temporary assistance to the evacuees, and the Ministry of Rural Construction (now Revolutionary Development), which took on the task of resettlement. This split in authority not only inhibited prompt and effective aid but also left an unfortunate void. Although the two ministries attempted to meet emergencies with contingency funds, neither was equipped to furnish many other essential needs of the refugees—children's schooling, medical care, vocational training, and resettlement planning, to name only a few. Provincial and district officials were left to provide these services sporadically if at all.

Saigon's inadequate response is attributable partly to governmental weakness and partly to the optimistic assumption that the refugees would spend only a month or so away from their villages. During that short time, the government argued, they would require only the barest necessities. The Minister of Social Welfare took the position that providing unaccustomed amenities to simple rural folk might create a dependent class of professional refugees who would lose all self-reliance and never go home again. There was also concern that in a country where poverty is widespread, the living standard of refugees should not be elevated above that of other citizens. But undoubtedly such explanations were often used merely as excuses for apathy and inaction.

After a halting response to the refugee problem during most of 1965, the government definitely turned the corner by February, 1966, when it placed full responsibility with the newly created Special Commissariat for Refugees in the office of the Premier. In recognition of rising costs, the new commissioner, Dr. Nguyen Phuc Que, has increased the emergency-relief rate from seven to ten piasters (8.5 cents at the official rate) per day. A doctor by training, he established standards for sanitation and medical attention in refugee camps. With the help of the United States, he is authorizing construction of new shelters to replace the poorest housing and of classrooms for refugee children unable to attend regular schools. Mindful that many refugees cannot go home in the foreseeable future, he is pressing for the expansion of vocational-training instruction and the development of handicrafts and cottage industries. In addition, new short-term classes for refugees have been set up in such trades as building construction, engine maintenance and repair, basic electricity, sheet-metal work and welding, operation of heavy equipment, driving, sewing, tailoring, and typing at six vocational-training schools whose U.S.-financed equipment has been used up to now only for more formal extended training.

To meet the needs of refugees in provinces where jobs and available land are in short supply, Dr. Que is seeking to develop alternatives in other provinces. One of the most promising of such interprovincial projects was launched last May with U.S. aid in Cam Ranh Bay, where a huge new port and industrial complex is under construction.

Where handicrafts can be fostered or where there are nearby job opportunities, temporary camps are being transformed into what Dr. Que calls "semi-permanent resettlement centers." In some locations, however, the employment outlook is so bleak that only movement to another province offers the chance

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for self-sufficiency. Dr. Que's aim is to sponsor schemes that not only re-establish refugees but also promote national development. One such project is nearing realization in Ninh Thuan, a relatively secure coastal province with uncultivated land having a high-yield potential in cash crops if modern agricultural methods are applied to the sandy soil. Several hundred families are being brought to this area from Binh Dinh Province's wryly named Happy Valley, where a huge military engagement produced large numbers of refugees.

Nongovernment groups, too, are beginning to concern themselves. In the forefront are students who wish to contribute to the building of a better Vietnam and for whom the plight of the refugees has a special appeal. The National Voluntary Services, a kind of home-grown Peace Corps, has trained several groups of students for community-development work in Binh Dinh and Quang Nam, two of the provinces of heaviest refugee concentration. Four volunteer teams in Quang Nam have achieved outstanding results in sanitation programs, enrolled eight hundred refugee children in classes, and generally helped to develop latent camp leadership. The past two summers' work with refugees has been an important feature of a youth program in which both high-school and university students have launched various construction, sanitation, agricultural, and other self-help projects. One farm-resettlement project is being carried out under the auspices of the Vietnamese Confederation of Trade Unions. By making this effort, the confederation has attracted the interest of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, which is now raising funds among its members in the United States and Canada to help finance the project.

Yet despite the growing awareness of many responsible Vietnamese that the refugee problem requires priority attention, Dr. Que faces formidable obstacles in mobilizing the necessary resources. A marine major and not of cabinet rank, he must compete with generals and ministers for the funds and staff needed to do the job. He succeeded in putting together a 1966 budget of over 1.3 billion piasters—roughly $12 million

—the first consolidated budget for refugee purposes. But Vietnamese financial regulations place severe limitations on the salaries he can pay and the methods of procurement that he must follow, and they impose frustrating strictures on his emergency program. Finding available men with training, experience, and the right attitude to represent his office at national, regional, and provincial levels has been a difficult task. Nonetheless, his activities reveal both energy and compassion.

Helping Out

The U.S. contribution to the Vietnam refugee program is now running above $30 million a year, most of which goes to provide and transport refugee relief commodities under the Food for Peace program, as well as such essentials as medicines, sewing machines, farm tools, generators, and prefabricated buildings. The Agency for International Development's Office of Refugee Co-ordination provides technical assistance to Dr. Que's Commissariat and attempts to co-ordinate the different American groups that are aiding the refugees. The first requisite is a close working relationship with the military. Two Army civil-affairs companies assigned to tactical units in the field are concerned with refugees fleeing battle areas. Special Forces camps often provide security and an assistance lifeline to refugees in remote locations that can be reached only by helicopter. Seabees are teaching refugees motor mechanics, electric wiring, and carpentry in Da Nang's technical school. When they are not actually engaged in combat, Army and Marine units spend many hours in civic-action programs—distributing foodstuffs, providing medical services, and constructing schools, dispensaries, wells, playgrounds, and other refugee-camp facilities.

Other refugee programs are being assisted by more than twenty religious and nonsectarian American and international voluntary agencies that are now working in Vietnam in co-operation with the Saigon government and AID. Some of these bring in valuable supplies; others furnish staff members to serve refugee camps or settlements.

If conditions among refugees are much improved over those of a year ago, they reflect a greater concern of the Ky government, the expanding U.S. aid program, more intensive voluntary-agency activity, and a gradual increase in aid from other countries. And the situation promises to improve even further in the near future. Half a dozen multi-

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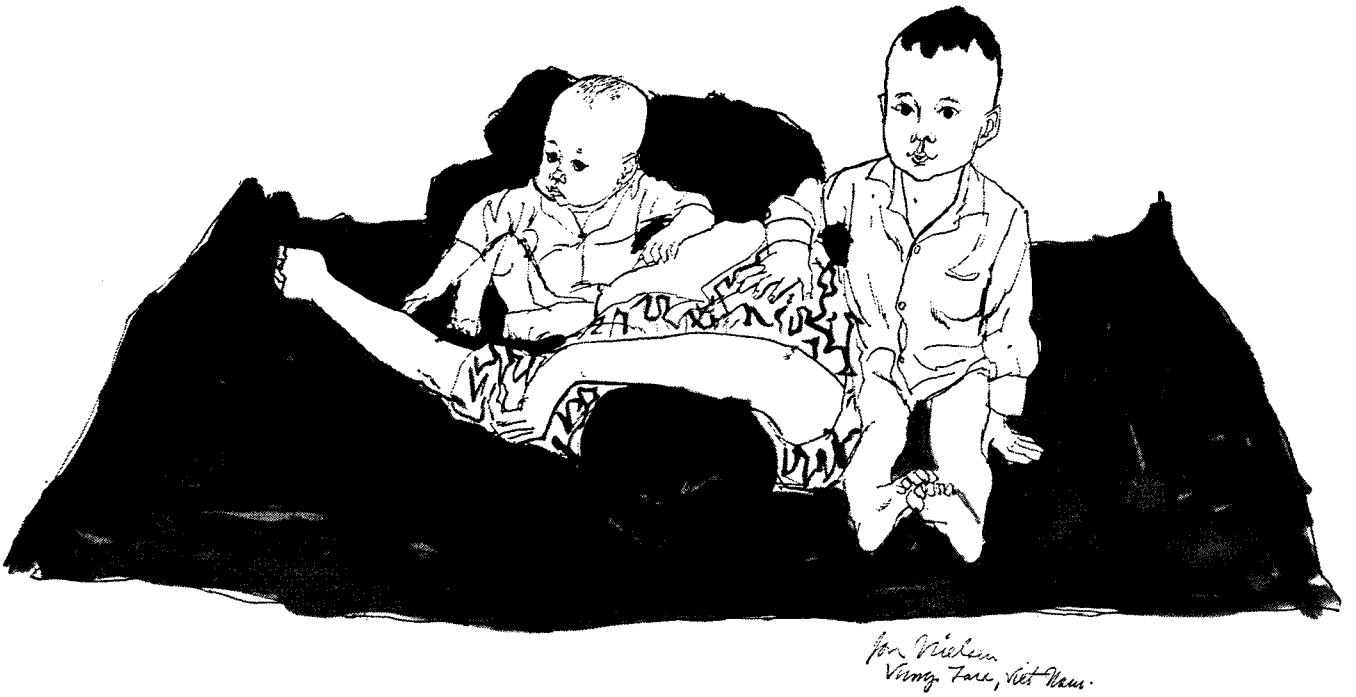

purpose teams are scheduled to come into refugee areas immediately. A team from the American Red Cross is already on the scene; others are being furnished by the Asian Christian Service (with backing from the World Council of Churches), Vietnam Christian Service, and the German Knights of Malta. In addition to financing the Knights of Malta team of twenty-five, the West German government has provided large quantities of rice, dried fish, and medical supplies for refugees. The New Zealand government is furnishing two mobile medical teams to serve refugee camps in Binh Dinh Province, and five instructors to teach trades to refugees. Japan has sent in textiles and pharmaceuticals, and other governments are also assisting the refugees' efforts to help themselves.

But there are limits on the amount of outside assistance that can be superimposed. Above all, the United States, which provides most of the support, must resist demands at home that it take over the program and run the refugee camps. If the Ky régime's machinery is cumbersome or at times subject to venal influence, the goal should be to improve it, not to circumvent it.

THE EXODUS of 1954-1955 was among the more successful mass movements of this century. It is due to those refugees that large tracts of rice land were opened up in the fertile Delta provinces of An Giang and Kien Giang for cultivation. Many of the dominant figures in the political, social, and economic life of Vietnam today are those who came down from the North at that time. As for the political effects, some observers feel that the large Catholic influx upset the rather delicate balance of faiths in South Vietnam and helped to pave the way both for the dizzy ascendancy and the ignominious downfall of Diem.

It is too early to predict the ultimate effect of the displacement over the past three years of one and a half million people, almost ten per cent of the South Vietnamese population. One possible outcome of the current displacement is the increased urbanization of what was a predominantly rural country. Though official statistics show a thousand refugees in Gia Dinh, the province of close to one million people that surrounds the city of Saigon, this figure represents only a tiny fraction of the estimated quarter of a million who have entered the capital area in the last two years. In an effort to discourage the flow, a year ago the government decreed that henceforth Saigon and Gia Dinh would no longer receive refugees from other provinces; those who did come would be sent back by the authorities to their point of origin. The government has not actually returned any refugees, but it has followed a fairly strict policy of no assistance to some thousands who are known to have entered the metropolitan area since publication of the decree. Thus, many of those who come to Saigon find jobs and live as best they can without government help.

Beyond the Bamboo Hedge

It used to be said in Vietnam that the Emperor's law ended at the bamboo hedge around the village. But nearly seven hundred thousand peasants are now refugees living in camps or temporary shelters, and some will never return to their hamlets. Almost all are dependent for a time at least on the support of the national government. If that government is to win the struggle for the loyalty of its citizens, its leaders must manifest strength, compassion, and wisdom in dealing with those uprooted by war.

While it is perhaps too much to expect the Ky régime, burdened as it is, to give the refugees unduly preferential treatment, the government has a unique opportunity to render meaningful service. If, as a result, the refugee gains a new respect for central authority and for the provincial officials through whom assistance is given, perhaps a badly needed sense of nationhood will develop in South Vietnam.

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Backlash In the Percy Campaign

RICHARD C. WADE

LATE on election night the spotlights followed Charles H. Percy through the jubilant crowd at the victor's headquarters in Chicago. As he stepped up to the microphone, genial and smiling, he projected the latest slogan of his campaign, "To Fulfill the Promise of Percy." His victory statement was, in the word of the press, "gracious." Its climax was a tribute to his defeated foe: "Senator Douglas has fought a good fight. If I can serve Illinois and the nation to the same degree of selfless dedication, I think I will have served well."

Across the nation the television public was getting its first impression of the man who may very well carry the Republican Presidential banner in 1968. For Percy has none of the liabilities of the other contenders. He supported Goldwater in 1964, yet is acceptable to the Eastern moderates. He has a firm base in a major state and is fresh from a considerable victory. As the only national figure able to avoid a veto by either wing of the party, Percy has a good chance—despite present polls—to emerge from the G.O.P. convention with the nomination.

To voters who saw him on election night, he must have seemed the "fresh face" that Republicans have so long sought. Yet to those in Illinois who had seen the campaign up close, Percy looked less like a "new breed" progressive Republican than another Richard M. Nixon.

Three days before the election, Percy had formally charged the man he now so gallantly saluted with conducting an illegal and unethical campaign, and for months he had carried on the most divisive campaign that the state had witnessed in recent times. Moreover, Percy, along with other Illinois Republicans, owed his victory neither to any fresh ideas nor to the reassertion of a historic G.O.P. progressivism, but rather to the surfacing of the "white backlash."

Some people would offer other explanations for the outcome. A few would suggest age, for Paul Douglas is seventy-four and Percy forty-seven. If this issue had been paramount, Douglas would have run behind the younger candidates on the ticket. Yet with the exception of the special case of Adlai Stevenson III, he generally ran well up on the Democratic ticket. Others attributed Percy's victory to a protest against the Johnson administration's policy in Vietnam. But Chicago's Fifth Ward, which includes the University of Chicago and the highest concentration of anti-war sentiment in the state, gave Douglas only a slightly smaller percentage than the overwhelming majority that he received in 1960. And for those who think the clue is to be found in Negro disenchantment with Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic machine, it is important to note that Douglas received more than seventy-five per cent of all votes in the Negro precincts. Militant civil-rights leaders now assert that they carried on a successful boycott of the polls, but the drop in total votes in the Negro wards was less than five per cent when compared with the last off-year election, a figure not much higher than the decline in white areas.

Whereas all these factors no doubt played a part, the grim fact is that the election was determined by a white rebellion against the aggressive Negro demand for equality, and especially against the drive for open occupancy in housing.

This is a fact that is hardly comforting to anyone. For Paul Douglas it means a lifetime of work for civil rights put in jeopardy at just the moment when the final legislative victory seemed in sight. But the question for Percy is even more serious; a backlash victory substantially dilutes the sweetness of success. Immediately after the election, Percy tried to detach himself from its implications by publishing the results of a poll conducted by Market Facts, Inc. The firm interviewed two hundred Percy voters on the day after election to find out why they had voted as they did. The results, of course, were reassuring. Twenty-seven per cent singled out Percy's "qualifications to handle the major campaign issues of Vietnam and inflation"; another twenty-four per cent were attracted by his "youthfulness" and fifteen per cent by his "dynamic quality"; twenty-four per cent voted for him out of "party loyalty." Only one per cent mentioned civil rights—somewhat surprisingly in view of the firm's published findings a few weeks before the election that sixty-five per cent of those interviewed listed civil rights as a "major consideration" in their choice. No one could accuse Market Facts, Inc., of being unobliging.

A Meaningful Attrition

But the facts are stubborn. What is most striking about the election returns is that Douglas's decline of about ten per cent from 1960 was not even remotely uniform but rather extraordinarily erratic. Thus in the city of Chicago it varied from

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an increase of over three per cent in one ward to a decline of thirty-four per cent in another; in the suburbs it varied from minus two to minus twenty-eight per cent. Surely Douglas could not have been young in one place and old in another, nor could the incidence of reaction to high prices or Vietnam be as irregular as that.

A ward-by-ward examination verifies that backlash is the key. For though Douglas carried the Negro wards by three to one, with his percentage even increasing in four of them, in the white areas his losses were staggering. Those neighborhoods immediately threatened with residential turnover responded the most dramatically, but just beyond the city limits, in one of the areas where the summer marches took place, whites punished Douglas and the Democrats almost as harshly. In Cicero, which the Senator had won narrowly in his last campaign, he received barely a quarter of the votes. In neighboring Berwyn the attrition was nearly as bad.

All these heavily urban areas are what political analysts have described as "ethnic" backlash neighborhoods. Peopled chiefly by children and grandchildren of immigrants, these communities—block upon block of modest homes and flats—lie close to the expanding ghettos. Income and educational levels are lower than the average; most residents have already moved at least once before to avoid Negro neighbors. Their "bigotry" is usually explained by this scale of vulnerability to urban change.

Yet the backlash goes still deeper in American society. Out in the suburbs, in areas removed from demonstrations and bitter debate, racial fear has long lain close to the surface. Indeed, the growth of the Negro population in Chicago has accelerated the white exodus to its outer edges. So long as the issue was confined to schools, jobs, and voting, suburban residents could remain somewhat detached. But the issue of open occupancy in housing suddenly changed all that. Now it became the immediate concern of every suburban community.

The returns from the suburbs contain the first appearance of a new and more genteel backlash and demonstrate that racial fear is not the monopoly of one ethnic group or another. Though Douglas slipped a few points in the long-established and wealthy suburbs like Oak Park, River Forest, and Evanston, he was overwhelmed in the newer and less secure townships like Thornton, Worth, and Schaumberg. In these areas the Douglas decline nearly matched that of the white city wards, reaching twenty per cent in some places. Moreover, the voter turnout in the suburbs was so high that Chicago machine politicians believed (perhaps with some envy) that there must have been widespread fraud.

Tacking with the Wind

That Percy was the primary beneficiary of this vote was the result of a campaign strategy by which he offered Negro voters a pledge on open occupancy while promising to protect white neighborhoods from Negro incursions.

This double strategy evolved only after much twisting and turning. In May, 1965, after Percy's defeat in the gubernatorial election of 1964, in which he had consistently declared himself against open-occupancy legislation, Percy did an about-face, placing the blame for residential segregation on real-estate interests and announcing his conversion to open occupancy. In June, 1966, he supported the President's original civil-rights bill, which included a blanket prohibition on discrimination in all dwelling units.

Percy's reverse stand seemed to remove the issue from the senatorial campaign, since Douglas had long been an advocate of such legislation and in fact had led off the administration's testimony in committee. When the House diluted the proposal by exempting units of four families or less, it still seemed that the difference between the two candidates would be insignificant; both agreed to accept the new version. Both men, it appeared, felt it would be an important first step toward a general open-occupancy policy and embodied the most that Congress could produce in 1966.

Martin Luther King's marches into white neighborhoods last summer altered the context. Open occupancy soon became the central issue of the campaign. In October, Percy subtly changed his position. He now said that he was opposed to general coverage of all buildings in Federal housing legislation, and attacked Douglas for supporting such an "impractical" and "unenforceable" proposal. More significantly, he now asserted that the difference was one of principle, not merely of timing and legislative possibility. On *Face the Nation*, Percy came out in favor of "a proper balance between human rights and between property rights," and said that the House bill "draws that distinction between your *own* home and the rental and sale of that, and someone who is in the *business* of renting and selling property. And it is that distinction that we drew carefully that made it possible to pass that [the House bill] and it does make that [the House bill] enforceable, meaningful legislation in this field."

THE NEXT DAY the Chicago *American* underlined the significance of Percy's switch. "Thus the suburbs, for all practical purposes, would be exempt, as would most of the areas which were subjected to civil rights marches during the summer." And the Chicago *Sun-Times* reported that at a businessmen's luncheon "cheers followed the Republican Senate candidate's charge that the open-occupancy of Sen. Paul H. Douglas was impractical."

Percy's flexible strategy was not hastily conceived. A month after his defeat for governor in 1964 he outlined his approach to a closed-door meeting of prominent Republicans, including former President Eisenhower, at Hershey, Pennsylvania. The confidential transcript of the conference, published by *Newsweek* on December 14 of that year, reveals his attitude. "Most of the GOP bigwigs agreed that Goldwater's trigger-happy image was the greatest obstacle [in rebuilding the Republican party]. But they talked more than anything about 'backlash.' Percy was the first to bring the subject up directly. 'We have divided our groups into three,' he said about his Illinois campaign. 'The backlash group certainly is there, there is no question about it. And we will campaign, but on the right issues, and on the areas

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of fear of movement in the neighborhood, and so on. We will try to do it on a sound, sensible basis.'"

The new position, if obviously appealing to whites, was particularly harsh on Negroes. For Percy had made much of a proposal to break up the slums by encouraging home-ownership among ghetto dwellers. Under this program, a mixed public and private corporation would give large-scale assistance to the poor in buying their own homes which would "create and fortify a new spirit of independence, of self reliance, of human dignity, of creative initiative." Now he had slammed the door, for Negroes would continue to be excluded from nearly every white residential neighborhood.

When Douglas, in exasperation, taxed his opponent with an unprincipled switch on the issue, Percy replied airily: "I have changed my mind on many things in my lifetime. And I will continue to do so as long as I am in the Senate." Percy thus became the only candidate in history to go before the electorate with a solemn pledge that, if elected, he would change his mind on big public questions. Or as Douglas put it more tartly, he was the first public figure "to raise vacillation to the level of moral principle."

As strategy, it was nifty; but it was also dangerous. For the "balance between human rights and property rights" theory places a limit on legislation that has the effect of immunizing all but the central parts of most cities. The ghetto remains locked, and a legal wall is erected around it, making the situation vulnerable to those militants who say that conventional tactics will not produce significant change.

Double Talk

The Percy campaign literature reflected the double campaign. In Negro areas his store-front headquarters gave out a special pamphlet, later elegantly called "our Negro brochure" by a party spokesman. It showed the candidate surrounded by Negro children, inspecting slums, and talking to Negro residents. It also proclaimed that Percy favored "open occupancy in housing," without mentioning that he had abandoned the principle for all dwellings except those of more than four families. Moreover, it conveniently omitted his earlier opposition to freedom-of-residency legislation. In the white areas, the literature never mentioned the issue at all.

Meanwhile Douglas not only stuck to his convictions but seemed to go out of his way to plead with whites for an understanding of the question. "Does he have to talk about

it all the time?" one aide complained. Democratic workers tried to expose the Percy gambit, which Douglas labeled "duplicity," by distributing the "Negro brochure" in white areas and the white one in Negro wards. But despite this effort, it was clear by mid-October that Douglas was beaten.

Percy now moved in for the kill. On the Saturday before election, he suddenly called a press conference and announced that he was filing formal charges of illegal and unethical conduct against Paul Douglas before the Fair Campaign Practices Committee. He claimed that the distribution of his literature by Democratic workers contravened state and Federal law (because, as a spokesman said, it was not "intended for suburban distribution"). More importantly, he charged that Douglas had "deliberately distorted" his position on the issues. Waving a copy of Douglas's speech given before the students at the University of Illinois Circle Campus, Percy asserted that it contained thirteen such distortions.

Calling the press conference at noon meant that Percy's accusations would be spread across the Sunday press before Douglas could reply. Moreover, no hearing could be held before the Fair Campaign Practices Committee until Monday morning. Thus the voters would hear only the charges and have no chance to weigh the evidence. Since the literature had been on the streets for days and the Senator's speech had been given more than a week before, it was obvious that the charges were simply a last-minute smear. Yet the appeal to the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, with its immense prestige, lent a degree of respectability to the accusations.

By the time Douglas received the formal charges, they had been reduced from thirteen to three. One of these was that the Senator had attempted "to portray Percy as being anti-Catholic." The "documentation" was a Douglas speech which noted that Percy had told a teachers' group that he opposed Federal aid to parochial schools. There was no contention that Douglas had inaccurately stated his opponent's view. Nor was there any evidence that the Senator had even hinted that Percy was anti-Catholic.

The second accusation was that Douglas had attempted "to portray Percy as being against medical aid to the aged." Once again the "evidence" was the same speech, in which Douglas asserted that his opponent had opposed Medicare and had called it "forced insurance" and "unnecessary." Percy's representative did not claim that these quotations were inaccurate or distorted. In fact, he admitted that Percy had endorsed the Kerr-Mills approach during the campaign. The complaint was that Douglas, by noting that Percy opposed Medicare, had accused Percy of opposing *all* medical care to the aged.

The third charge was that Douglas had attempted to "imply" that Percy was appealing to "racial bigots." Once again, the "proof" was a Douglas speech in which the Senator said that Percy, "though not himself a segregationist, was blowing kisses to the segregationists." In fact, Douglas's statement was a courtly description of Percy's open-occupancy strategy. Moreover, at the hearing Douglas's representatives produced a whole series of Republican pamphlets, one bearing the name of a ward leader, another of a candidate,

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that contained blatant appeals to the backlash.

These were flimsy premises on which to compromise a lifetime of public service. The charges dealing with the distribution of Percy's pamphlets were not made against Douglas but against the Democratic organization. The only "documentation" produced was copies of the "Negro brochure" that Douglas had already made public and two others that had not been seen before. At the hearing, Percy's representative introduced no legal brief, no list of judicial precedents; he did not even bring a copy of the laws presumably violated. It was enough that Percy's accusations had been spread across the state; the truth would surely be long in catching up.

IN RETROSPECT, the broadest significance of the Illinois senatorial election in 1966 is not so much the defeat of Douglas or the election of Percy but the emergence of race as the central question of national politics. Probably it has been there for some time and was simply obscured by our preoccupation with its dominance in the South and the uniqueness of the 1964 election. Now, for the first time, it has moved onto the center of the stage. The other compelling problems—education, unemployment, poverty, the revitalization of our cities—have already lost some of their political urgency. Worse, they are increasingly measured by the way they affect racial matters.

To be sure, both political parties will persist in professing that this explosive issue is marginal rather than central. And it would be pleasant to believe that the backlash erupted in Illinois because of peculiar circumstances and would again be submerged in less dangerous concerns. More likely, however, we have seen only the beginning of it. Other states in the North and West, even those with small Negro populations, have begun to feel it. The issue, symbolized by open occupancy, is going to hover over Congress for the next session and give its own twist to the next Presidential campaign. We would be wise to use our political resourcefulness not to finesse the problem but to resolve it, for we probably have less time than we think.

Pakistan Feels The Pains of Division

MARVIN H. ZIM

ONE of history's most abnormal births was that of Pakistan. Most countries are self-contained, their borders determined by rivers, oceans, mountain ranges, or perhaps a politician's straightedge ruler. But Pakistan is not one entity but two, and unlike such multiple-part nations as Japan and Indonesia, Pakistan's pieces are not islands linked in an archipelago. They are chunks of the partitioned Indian subcontinent, separated by nearly a thousand miles of hostile Indian territory—the two chunks where Muslims happened to be in a majority before partition in 1947.

That is a tenuous basis for nationhood, and thoughtful Pakistanis always have wondered whether their young country could remain united. Yet, in the face of a larger, more powerful India, Pakistanis have rarely voiced their deep doubts. It remained for events and an opportunistic politician to bring them to the surface.

The inevitable occurred last spring when Sheik Mujibor Rahman, the president of East Pakistan's Awami League, the province's most powerful political party, launched a campaign to take authority over East Pakistan away from the country's central government, which has always been in West Pakistan. The League, in a six-point proposal, called for complete autonomy in all matters except foreign policy and defense. East Pakistan was to have its own form of parliamentary democracy, its own currency unit, its own foreign-trade account, and its own militia.

Having drafted the League's proposal, Mujibor set out to sell it to the East Pakistanis. A gifted orator with ambitions to be East Pakistan's first Prime Minister, Mujibor centered his plea on economics, charging with a good measure of truth that West Pakistan was treating East Pakistan like a colony, draining off its foreign-exchange earnings for investment in the West. "Brothers," he cried to a packed house in Dacca Stadium, "do you know the streets of Karachi are paved with gold? Do you want to take back that gold? Then raise your hands and join with me." The crowd did so, to the accompaniment of boisterous cheers.

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President Ayub Khan tolerated Mujibor for a while, calling him and his top lieutenants "a few leaders with very limited political following." But the following kept growing. Two other political parties endorsed the autonomy drive. Leading newspaper editors lined up behind it, and so did much of East Pakistan's educated elite. Finally Ayub cracked down and had Mujibor and twenty of his most dedicated followers thrown in jail. During a subsequent one-day strike to protest the arrest of the Awami League leaders, eleven persons were killed when they clashed with police and nearly a thousand were arrested.

Today the autonomy movement sputters along without its leaders. It is engaging in educational campaigns promoting its six points, but it is too timid to try anything more daring. Mujibor is on trial in Dacca for sedition and it is regarded as a foregone conclusion that he will be convicted and given at least a two-year sentence.

Though nearly dormant after its brief fling, the autonomy movement could erupt again at almost any time, since the suppression of the movement has only served to solidify its base. Most East Pakistanis are poor and illiterate farmers who are apolitical. They will not participate in the fight for or against the autonomy movement but will simply adjust to the result. The fraction of the population that is educated and politically involved will ultimately settle the issue, and there seems little doubt that this crucial group backs autonomy. Some of them talk of following Rhodesia's example with a unilateral declaration of independence. But that is an impossibility, since men appointed by Ayub control East Pakistan's government. Others quietly smolder, nursing their feeling of persecution.

THE autonomy movement has great potential because East and West Pakistan are far apart not just geographically but also in their ways of life. East Pakistan is essentially oriental, lushly tropical, hot and humid. West Pakistan is unmistakably Middle Eastern, desolate, rugged and obdurate. The Bengalis of East Pakistan tend to be short and slight, somewhat resembling Malayans, while West Pakistan's Punjabis, Pathans, and Sindhis are taller, more robust, and lighter-skinned. The East and West Pakistanis also differ gastronomically, sartorially, and architecturally. The staple of the East Pakistani diet is rice, while in West Pakistan it is wheat. East Pakistanis wear the longhi, a simple sheet wrapped around the waist, while West Pakistanis wear the warm, baggy, and typically Arab shalwar pants. An East Pakistani's home, made of thatch and bamboo, is on his fields, but West Pakistani farmers huddle together in mud villages.

Morals also differ: prostitution is illegal in most cities in West Pakistan but legal in the East. In the field of music, Punjabis and Pathans

revel in foot-pounding, arm-waving dances, while Bengalis prefer slow and subtle melodies.

The most fundamental difference is language. Urdu, Punjabi, and Sindhi are dominant in West Pakistan; these have enough similarities so that the people of the West are able to communicate with each other, no matter which tongue they learned at home. East Pakistanis speak Bengali, which has a script and vocabulary wholly different from the languages of West Pakistan. The language gulf limits communication between the two sections to those educated few who speak English. It prohibits any mass migration from one section to the other and even precludes the ordinary mingling that might eventually be expected to create a larger sense of nationhood. Instead, it creates resentments. For instance, Pakistan's national anthem is an Urdu verse that few East Pakistanis know or care to know.

The mutual feeling of strangeness and the inability to communicate have inevitably bred an intolerance that manifests itself in emotional stereotyping. To the Punjabis of the West, all Bengalis are lazy and devious; Bengalis complain that Punjabis rarely bathe and are boneheaded. The Punjabis, who dominate Pakistan's civil service, have systematically short-changed the people of the East. Pakistan's first two Five-Year Plans clearly favored the West, allocating to it fifty per cent more in development resources. From 1955 to 1965, West Pakistan drew $3.1 billion in public investments as opposed to only $2.1 billion for the East. Yet the East has fifty-five per cent of Pakistan's population and its jute fields are the principal source of Pakistan's foreign exchange, accounting for at least sixty per cent of Pakistan's exports.

With Punjabis holding about seventy per cent of the civil-service jobs, businessmen in the West have received more expeditious treatment on requests for licenses and bank loans simply because they and the government officials have a common cultural affinity, common jokes, and possibly even common relatives. As a result, private industrial investment in the West has been more than double the investment in East Pakistan; Karachi and Lahore are cities well along on their industrial revolutions, while East Pakistan is still an agricultural backwater.

India, Prestige, and Inertia

Against this resentment and the resulting discontent in the East, there are few backstops. One is the fear of India. Even the most rabid proponents of autonomy sincerely wish to remain part of a larger Pakistan. The Bengalis do not feel secure in the shadow of India without the counterweight of West Pakistan on India's other flank. Bengalis never have been a martial people, and if India so desired, it could overrun this densely populated, incredibly

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poor province in a matter of days. Memories of Hindu-Muslim riots are too vivid for East Pakistanis to treat this possibility lightly.

But, as some Bengalis point out, West Pakistan offers no real military protection even today. During the 1965 Indo-Pakistan war, East Pakistan was utterly at India's mercy; it escaped only because India chose to limit the conflict. Pakistan keeps only one of its eleven divisions in the East, and Ayub recently told a group of influential Pakistanis that, East Pakistan's terrain being unsuitable for military operations, he intended to maintain this unbalanced military ratio.

One argument for unity is that a loss of international importance would result from separation. Together, East and West Pakistan make up one of the world's most populous nations (110 million), commanding at least some of the prestige attendant on its numbers. Separated, Pakistan would lose this prestige, and its ability to get foreign aid might also decline. Valid or not, this argument is ignored by the more sophisticated members of the pro-autonomy forces. For tactical reasons, they continue to speak about their movement in terms of simple autonomy, an arrangement by which over-all loyalty to Pakistan would be retained. But in fact they know that the movement has only one end —eventual secession.

The strongest deterrent to autonomy, though, is neither India nor international politics but inertia. As yet, the pro-autonomy group in East Pakistan is too small and lacks the discipline, ruthlessness, and drive to seize and hold political power. And there seems little likelihood that it will develop these characteristics in the immediate future. With Mujibor and other top Awami leaders behind bars, the leadership of the Awami League has fallen into the hands of ineffective amateurs. The League is hiding behind the sari of Amena Begum, a plump and pleasant mother of four, who was recently elevated to the post of secretary general on the theory that Ayub's police would not arrest a woman.

For two months following the successful general strike last June, the League's leaders bickered over what they should do next to push autonomy. One group wanted to launch a second general strike. Another favored a boycott of West Pakistani goods. Still another favored milder, less provocative steps. The last group finally triumphed, and the League's educational campaign is the result. "Our principal aim is to get our leaders out of jail," Mrs. Amena says.

AYUB's grand strategy for containing the separatist movement is to spur economic growth in the East, at least to the extent that people will begin to lose their disaffection. No doubt it is more than coincidence that a one-third increase in the price of rice has accompanied the rise in popularity of the autonomy movement. Last August, Ayub visited the East for a week and spent much of his time impressing upon government officials the need to spur agricultural production and birth control. "There is no reason why we

cannot feed ourselves," he told a crowd in Sylhet. "We should be growing three crops a year. There is good land and plenty of water." He also called for a holy war "against the population explosion."

Ayub used the traditional arguments to justify Pakistan's onerous geography. "Those who built Pakistan were not fools," he proclaimed at a public rally in Dacca. "They thought that in spite of the distance it might be possible that Pakistan may live together. They built Pakistan because they realized that all our troubles in the subcontinent stemmed from the fact that we were Muslims."

For Ayub, the most disheartening part of his predicament must be the knowledge that he has been more sensitive than his predecessors to the disparities that exist between the two Pakistans and has done much to try to equalize them. His record is even better than that of H. S. Suhrawardy, Mujibor's political mentor and the only East Pakistani ever to serve as Pakistan's Prime Minister. Ayub himself inserted into the 1962 Constitution a clause making it a goal of the government "to ensure that disparities between the provinces . . . are removed in the shortest possible time." He has followed up this promise by allocating a bit more money for East Pakistan in the third Five-Year Plan than for the West. A twenty-year Perspective Plan envisions the elimination of all disparities by 1985.

Of course it is one thing to give the order and quite another to get a bureaucracy to carry it out. Although fifty-two per cent of the 1965 budget was ticketed for East Pakistan, less than forty-five per cent ended up there.

The mood surrounding Ayub's recent visit to East Pakistan pointed up the drift, the ambivalence, and yet the hidden force that currently pervades the autonomy movement. Wherever he went, Ayub was escorted by an armed guard. The President's House in Dacca was guarded day and night by a company of Punjabi and Pathan soldiers. Students at the University of Dacca boldly displayed posters inscribed "Murderer Ayub, Go Back," and "Down with the Ayub Administration." But few students would join a one-day strike called to protest the visit.

Ayub, a powerful and shrewd politician, will probably ride out any storm that develops, but his successors may not be so fortunate. Bengal has seen many political shapes and forms during its long history. It has often been controlled from outside and it has often revolted. It has cast out Moghul emperors as well as British imperialists. United and sustained by the alluvial soil of the Ganges and Brahmaputra Deltas, East Bengal has a true national coherence. It seems inevitable that some day it will become an independent state. That day, however, is not imminent.

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Corpus Christi's Squad Car Lawyer

JAMES BIERY

POLICE OFFICERS R. H. Vegara and H. M. Rice followed a trail of blood recently to track down a suspect who had just been wounded while trying to rob a grocer at gunpoint in Corpus Christi, Texas. They pulled up before a house in which he was hiding, and a woman came out. At about the same time, two more patrol cars arrived. Riding in one car was thirty-four-year-old Wayland Pilcher, a professorial-looking lawyer who since August 1 has been the police legal adviser in Corpus Christi, one of a handful of such professionals in the country.

The woman said in Spanish that the suspect was her son and that she wanted him out of the house. Vegara translated her request for Pilcher, who said: "Ask her to tell us in English whether he is a trespasser." The woman answered "Yes." Vegara and Rice then rushed in and arrested him, confident that they were following legal procedures in accordance with Supreme Court rulings that in recent years have placed greater responsibilities on policemen to protect the Constitutional rights of citizens.

The officers took the man to a magistrate, who informed him of his right to refuse to answer questions and to have a lawyer present during questioning. This process followed the 1966 Revised Texas Code of Criminal Procedure and the guidelines established last June by the Supreme Court's decision in *Miranda* v. *Arizona*. Having already consulted *their* lawyer, Officers Vegara and Rice knew the case would not be thrown out of court because of illegal entry. The woman had publicly invited them in, and it would be difficult for her to claim (should she later be reconciled with her son) that she had told Vegara, the only Spanish-speaking member of the police party, to stay out.

The care taken by the police in handling this case and the presence of Pilcher illustrate two effects that the court rulings have had. Some law-enforcement officers have said that *Mapp* v. *Ohio*, which compels state courts to exclude illegally

seized evidence, and *Miranda*, which guarantees that suspects may have lawyers with them during police questioning, have "handcuffed" the police. Their mirthless joke has been that "It's getting so bad that lawyers practically have to ride around in patrol cars."

But having a lawyer in the patrol car, while novel, is no joke. He not only helps policemen abide by court rulings; he also helps make their work more effective. For the court pronouncements have only emphasized an old problem: although policemen must decide—sometimes in a matter of seconds—how to apply complex rules made by courts and legislatures to human action, most have neither legal training nor ready access to legal advice.

Only a few months ago, New York was the only city where lawyers were on the force advising policemen. The New York Police Department's Legal Bureau, which now has twenty-one attorneys, was set up in 1910. It is heavily involved with state and local legislation. The bureau's attorneys propose legislation for the police commissioner and read all state legislative proposals to see whether they relate to the police department or its members; 10,918 bills were read in 1965. Bureau lawyers also made 7,132 court appearances in connection with the prosecution of misdemeanor cases in 1965. But the area that is taking more and more time is that of giving legal advice to police officers over the telephone. The bureau gave 24,620 telephone opinions in 1965, usually within fifteen minutes after the query was received. Most callers asked whether a law had been violated and, if so, the proper law to be cited. The bureau performs all these tasks on a personnel budget of $270,000 a year.

While putting lawyers in patrol cars is still a luxury for the bureau, attorneys are dispatched to the scene in such potentially sticky situations as sit-down protests at foreign missions to the United Nations, where complications could involve civil rights, diplomatic immunity, and a host of other problems.

NOT UNTIL the recent court decisions did other cities feel the need for such a bureau. There had been no attempt to interest police administrators in getting legal advice, nor had trained advisers been available. To help remedy this situation, Northwestern University's Law School inaugurated a police legal-adviser training program two years ago under a five-year $300,000 grant from the Ford Foundation. Professors Fred Inbau and James Thompson are training law-school graduates like Pilcher for careers as advisers and are holding annual national conferences to focus attention on the consequences of court and legislative action for police.

"Such cases as *Mapp* and *Miranda* have created a revolution in the practices and procedures of local

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law-enforcement officials," Thompson told me. "The resolution of conflicts between maximum police efficiency and maximum individual liberty calls for application of sound legal counsel, not only in the courts and in the prosecutor's office but also at the police precinct, where the average criminal case begins."

In Northwestern's two-year program, law-school graduates spend one year divided between the seminar rooms and the police departments of Chicago, Skokie, or Evanston. They learn police practices and do research on a police-legal subject for their LL.M. degree thesis. The following year they serve on a metropolitan force at no cost to the city; their support comes from the Foundation grant. After this trial period, the adviser is put on the city payroll.

In addition to Pilcher in Corpus Christi, second-year men currently are stationed in Pittsburgh and Chicago. Another adviser served in Oakland, California, until November 1, when he became director of a program to provide legal information to Michigan police. Three lawyers are now in the first year of the program, and a hundred have applied to enter during 1967.

The program assumes that the average city attorney (the officer usually charged with providing advice to all city departments), while doing an effective job in the area of civil laws, has neither the time nor the staff to keep abreast of the criminal laws and to give advice to policemen. "As a result," Thompson said, "police forces suffer from a lack of detailed, up-to-the-minute legal services. The biggest problem today is the establishment of law-enforcement practices consistent with Supreme Court decisions in the areas of arrest, search and seizure, confessions, and civil rights. The legal adviser can interpret recent decisions and bring police practices into line with them."

On the Corpus Christi Range

Corpus Christi, a progressive city with a population of 200,000, sprawls over 101 square miles of land and 124 square miles of water in a sparkling bay that opens onto the Gulf of Mexico. Recent annexations have spread the 250-man police force thin. A slum cuts through the city, providing an environment for violence in the midst of general prosperity based on agriculture, industry, oil, and tourism.

Chief R. T. Runyon, a policeman for twenty-six years, told me that "It is a definite asset to have an attorney trained in law-enforcement procedures. Our people utilize Wayland Pilcher's services, where in the past they might let a question go. We don't hesitate to call him day or night."

From noon to 4 P.M., Pilcher may lecture to rookie policemen on juris-

diction of cases, meet with vice-squad detectives to discuss warrants, or look up answers to officers' questions at the City Hall law library. From 8 P.M. to 1 A.M., he cruises the city in a radio car, ready to render curbstone opinions from five thick volumes of the annotated state statutes and the 1966 Revised Texas Code of Criminal Procedure that he carries in the trunk.

When he stopped in police headquarters one night recently, he was questioned by Juvenile Officer Sanchez Cruz. A mother had complained that her teen-age son was drinking in the home of a teen-age married couple. "The law says you can drink in your home," Cruz said. "But is there an age limit? Both kids are seventeen." Pilcher said that the statutes prohibited a minor from drinking except with an adult parent or spouse. Cruz nodded, armed with information that could help him control the situation with a warning—or an arrest, if necessary.

As he drove around the city that night, Pilcher listened for such radio signals as 27 (someone shot), 33 (cutting), 25 (burglary inside). Responding to a Signal 22 (accident), he found a two-car collision on one of the wide bay roads. He helped lift a stretcher into an ambulance, then asked an officer to call him if a fatality resulted so that a case of negligent homicide could be filed. "This statute is tricky. We'll want to wrap up the case carefully for the district attorney," Pilcher said. Procedural mistakes make cases less tenable for prosecution, and the district attorney has the option of whether to pursue such cases.

Pilcher returned to headquarters, where an officer reported that a tavern owner was drinking at work, which was clearly illegal. He was also carrying a gun—was this illegal? The question was quite relevant because the county attorney had just opened a campaign to "get the guns off the streets" and two nights earlier a man had been shot to death in another tavern. Some two thousand to three thousand guns are registered in Corpus Christi each year; but the statute covering their use, like most statutes, is subject to interpretation. "The statutes say he can keep it in his place of business," Pilcher advised the officer. "They don't say he can't be carrying it." The man was arrested only for drinking while tending bar.

A GRADUATE of the University of Texas Law School, Pilcher was an assistant city attorney in Corpus Christi for four years before entering the Northwestern program. Progressive police departments like Corpus Christi's have three-month training programs for recruits, Pilcher told me, but little time is available for presenting information about the laws the policeman is to enforce or the procedures used to enforce them. Most of the course involves the perfecting of a large number of mechanical skills—driving a car in high-speed pursuit, measuring distances at accidents, giving first aid, handling a gun. Such a subject as

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the law of evidence, which is taught four hours a week for a semester in law school, is covered in only one four-hour period in the city's police school.

Pilcher makes use of his informal contacts with officers to show them principles they can use in the field. "On questions of arrest, for example, I point out a case where there were definite grounds for arrest; then I point out one where there were not. Then I start changing the facts to arrive at a case where there could or could not be an arrest, depending on the officer's judgment."

Once trained, the policeman becomes responsible for enforcing a staggering body of complex laws. The five-volume Texas Penal Code that Pilcher carries in his car has 1,723 sections setting forth offenses. The Code of Criminal Procedure has 910 sections, many of which are relevant to policemen.

Penal Code Article 483 describes, with Texas flavoring, the prohibition against carrying arms: "Whoever shall carry on or about his person, saddle or in his saddle bags, or in his portfolio or purse any pistol, dirk, dagger, slungshot, blackjack, hand chain, night stick, pipe stick, sword cane, spear or knuckles made of any metal or hard substance, bowie knife or any other knife manufactured or sold for the purpose of offense or defense shall be punished by a fine of not less than One Hundred Dollars nor more than Five Hundred Dollars or by confinement in jail for not less than 1 month nor more than 1 year." While this may seem more or less straightforward, some 250 annotations tell what various Texas courts have decided is meant by such phrases as "on or about his person." Twenty-nine decisions relate to the definition of "carry."

"Such laws are written to help the district attorney, to allow him to prosecute what he chooses," Pilcher explained. "However, they make it difficult for the police to decide what is an offense and what is not." He pointed out that policemen also must know what local judges regard as the rule when appellate courts have reached split decisions, and what police-department policy may be on, say, handling searches of cars stopped for traffic violations. "If I can help the man on the beat see the separate elements he is contending with—statute law, district attorneys' needs, judges' opinions, the departmental policy—I will be of help."

Spreading the Legal Gospel

The experience of other legal advisers shows the variety of help they can give to the police. Since the middle of last summer, twenty-four-year old Douglas McBroom has been with the Pittsburgh Police Department. David W. Craig, Director of Public Safety, said, "I don't know what we did without him—and this despite good help from the city attorney. An adviser on the scene can be a hundred per cent specialized on police matters and be available for the necessary synthesis of legal and administrative roles." Among other things, McBroom has developed a procedure for breathalyzer examination of suspected drunken drivers that is consistent with the *Schmerber* decision, which was handed down by the Supreme Court soon after *Miranda*. It upheld the police in taking blood samples from a driver and implicitly permitted such tests as the breathalyzer.

Last November 1, twenty-nine-year-old Mel Gutterman became director of an experimental educational program operated by the Institute of Community Development at Michigan State University in East Lansing. An electronic extension of the adviser concept, this program will send lectures on the law of arrest, search, and seizure via telephonic hookup to ten locations in the state where policemen and other interested citizens can gather and ask questions of the lecturer.

Another Northwestern-trained adviser, Charles Rogers, twenty-eight, was named aide and legal co-ordinator last summer on the staff of Chicago Police Superintendent Orlando Wilson. The *Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science* has published his thesis, "The Police Control of Obscenity." To help keep policemen abreast of new court rulings and legislative acts, Rogers has introduced a monthly law-training bulletin for the department.

Law-enforcement agencies across the country are now looking with interest at the operation of the Northwestern program. Police departments in nineteen cities say they would like to try out an adviser. Professor Thompson of Northwestern estimates that the cost of adding such a full-time lawyer to a force would approximate the cost of hiring two new policemen. It is still problematical what national role these professionals will play in the revolution of Constitutional law now invading police departments, but it is already clear that an injection of legal aid into the arm of the law can be salutary.

"For one thing, it gives the men confidence," Captain L. H. Davis, a thirty-one-year veteran in Corpus Christi, told me. "I like the idea that Pilcher is out in the field, for the police officer today is treading on dangerously thin ice when he is enforcing the law. I remember thirty years ago one chief made it a practice to shame young hoodlums by shaving their heads before letting them go. But you can't do that any more."

Officer Vegara, a member of the force for two and a half years, added: "Our main concern is how our work will stand up in court. Mr. Pilcher? He's right there when you make a big call. You just turn around, ask a few questions, and then get on with your business."

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Title VI Disturbs The Moss of Beaufort

JAMES K. BATTEN

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA

This is one of those quiet, gracious towns where the Old South myth is almost believable. Beaufort (pop. 6,298) is on a side road to the coast off busy Route 17, halfway between Charleston and Savannah. Its well-kept old mansions and live oaks heavy with Spanish moss evoke the mood of another era, when rice, cotton, and slaves made life comfortable for the plantation aristocracy.

Like its less picturesque counterparts in much of the rural South, Beaufort (pronounced BEW-fort) saw little change in its genteel, relaxed brand of white supremacy during the decade following the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision in 1954. But in midsummer of 1964, two months before nine Negro children finally broke the color line in Beaufort County's public schools, Congress passed the Civil Rights Act. Title VI of that law prohibited the use of Federal funds to support racially segregated programs. The long reprieve for Beaufort and hundreds of similar Southern communities was ending.

The last two years have brought racial change to Beaufort in a rush. Federal administrators from Washington and Atlanta, armed with guidelines for adapting the broad prohibitions of Title VI to specific situations, have swiftly begun to reorder relations between the county's twenty-three thousand whites and fifteen thousand Negroes. (Beaufort County also has fifteen thousand military people at three major installations.)

In September, 1965, the original nine Negro children in previously white schools were joined by 255 more, who transferred from all-Negro schools under a "freedom of choice" plan approved after extended negotiations with the U.S. Office of Education. Last September, the same plan produced enough additional transfers to put 511 Negro schoolchildren, nearly nine per cent of the county total, into desegregated schools. A few white children are receiving instruction from a Negro speech therapist for the first time, and a white speech therapist, a white art teacher, and two white music teachers are spending part of their time at all-Negro schools.

All this has been sufficient, so far, to keep Federal funds flowing into Beaufort schools. But the Title VI enforcement officials in the Office of Education are disappointed in Beaufort's progress, especially on faculty desegregation. Pressure for additional steps will come this spring as plans are laid for the 1967-1968 round of desegregation.

At Beaufort Memorial Hospital, where Negro patients were relegated to a Jim Crow wing before the Public Health Service investigators arrived, the official policy calls for desegregation of everything except wards and semi-private rooms. The hospital board, declaring last June that "a hospital is a place for a sick person to get well and . . . not . . . a vehicle for enforcing integration," has balked at taking that final step. This refusal has cost Beaufort Memorial all Federal support and placed it off limits to Medicare patients. The nearest hospital approved for Medicare is forty miles away.

While a few white liberals privately applaud the changes in Beaufort, most white people are bitterly resentful. For the first time in thirty years, to the chagrin of white officials, the Ku Klux Klan has held rallies in the county. Just after the schools opened last September, "NEVER" signs blossomed on utility poles in the Beaufort business district. And during the elections, a vigorous Republican Party, relying heavily on the guidelines issue, put local Democrats on the defensive.

As for Beaufort's Negroes, many of them are jubilant about the changes wrought by the guidelines and Title VI. But the key Negro leaders are impatient because Washington is not demanding faster progress toward complete desegregation. They complain that the burden of desegregating schools should fall on school officials, not on Negro parents who must request transfers to put their children in biracial classrooms.

Beaufort's painful path toward a new racial equilibrium, as yet only dimly perceived, is fairly typical of the road that many Southern communities were traveling in the fall of 1966. These small cities and towns, most of which never furnished the dateline for a national civil-rights story, are finally being wrenched from their familiar moorings. And while the sight of a Negro supermarket cashier or an occasional Negro family dining in a restaurant is unsettling to some whites and reassuring to many Negroes, the changes most keenly felt by both races are in the public schools, and to a lesser extent in the hospitals. These are the changes brought by Title VI, which some call the atomic bomb of the civil-rights movement.

The Limits of Congeniality

The Federal guidelines have put many Beaufort people on the spot, but no one more so than Dr. W. B. Southerlin, the mild-mannered fifty-eight-year-old county school superintendent. After spending most of his professional life with the South Carolina department of education, Southerlin moved to Beaufort in 1964, expecting to complete his career in congenial surroundings.

His two years in Beaufort have been far less pleasant than Southerlin had hoped. Almost immediately, he found himself caught between Washington's demands for rapid desegregation and Beaufort's pressures to go slow. Regarded by both sides as a moderate, Southerlin has insisted that Beaufort at least move fast enough to remain eligible for Federal aid.

The county school board has grudgingly gone along, partly because the Marine recruit training center, the Marine airbase, and the naval hospital in Beaufort County make the Federal contribution essential. This year, Washington will provide $850,000 to the county

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schools, or twenty-eight per cent of the school budget. A year ago, when it appeared that the Office of Education was about to veto Beaufort's desegregation plan, Southerlin warned repeatedly on the local radio that if the Federal money were lost, the county would be forced to raise property taxes sharply, close the schools after seven months, or charge $20 a month tuition for the last two months of the school year.

So far, Southerlin has kept his balance and a modicum of good will from the opposing sides. But he is worried about the future. "We can't go as fast as the Office of Education wants us to go in areas like this," he asserted in an interview. "If we do, we go against the very goal we have in mind, which is doing away with the dual school system. That's not going to happen in the next three years. If we can do it in fifteen years, we'll be doing very well."

It comes as no surprise that Beaufort's Negro leadership regards Southerlin's timetable as fifteen years too long. While they are pleased about those 511 Negro children in desegregated schools, they are worried about the 5,500 others whose education continues in all-Negro classrooms a dozen years after the Supreme Court found segregated schools to be inherently unequal.

"We've got to get white children into all the schools," insisted Hyland Davis, the Negro chairman of the Beaufort County Voters League and a long-time maintenance man at the nearby Parris Island Marine base. "We can complain about our [Negro] schools and ask for $10,000 worth of work, and they'll do about $300 or $400 worth. But if all those white businessmen say, 'I want this for my kid, or I want that,' then it's going to be done."

What Davis and the other Negro leaders want, of course, is destruction of the old dual school system, not merely the shifting of a few hundred Negro children. Their strategy is simple. They will try to overload the predominantly white schools with enough Negro transfer pupils to force a new integrated assignment pattern.

Already, the influx of Negro youngsters has crowded the system's previously all-white schools. Southerlin and his school board have been forced to purchase fifteen trailer classrooms to handle the overflow. Meanwhile, the transfers have left eight classrooms empty in all-Negro schools. "Our overcrowding is already near the limit," Southerlin admitted. "If the Negroes keep coming, this will vacate other rooms in their schools. Sooner or later, the white schools will be all filled up. Then what do you do?"

To the Negroes, the answer is obvious, and they are proceeding accordingly. The success of their strategy will hinge on their ability to find several hundred more Negro children whose parents will consent to shift them to desegregated schools next September. Davis thinks it can be done, but other Negroes are less confident.

Mrs. Frieda Mitchell, who heads a Negro parents' group that worked hard to promote desegregation, is one of these. "Some people are still reluctant," she told me. "They have loyalty to their own schools. Often parents leave it up to the kids, and they decide to stay where they know children and feel they are part of the school. Also, a lot of people feel that Negro principals and teachers will get offended if they transfer their children; they don't want to hurt their feelings."

More tangible factors are also involved. Because more than half of Beaufort County's Negro families earn less than $2,000 a year, the all-Negro schools qualify for special help under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. Many Negro parents would forfeit free lunches, books, and clothes for their children if they transferred to a desegregated school.

Very Private Solutions

While the Negroes prepare their next moves, the white citizens of Beaufort are watching the desegregation of schools with deep misgivings. "That old phobia of lowered standards," as Southerlin calls it, is apparent. One school-board member explained it this way: "The people here are convinced that the Negroes' intellectual level is inferior to the whites', and no amount of propaganda would convince them otherwise. The quality of instruction has to be geared to the average classroom ability to learn. Frankly, I imagine the standards over at Beaufort Elementary now are lousy."

Beaufort Elementary School, with 319 white children and 105 Negroes, is the most heavily integrated school in the county and one of the most heavily integrated in South Carolina. The principal, a twenty-seven-year-old former football coach named William H. (Sonny) Foster, is annoyed by the slighting references to his school, but he admits that the Negro children are having trouble keeping up. "They're not as well prepared as the students we've had in our school system. They're not exposed to good books —or to books, period. A lot of them

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don't even have running water at home."

However, Foster and other public-school officials in Beaufort believe that the schools have been damaged less by the arrival of ill-prepared Negro children than by the transfer of able white youngsters to Beaufort's new all-white private school. In the summer of 1965, when the community's first substantial school desegregation was imminent, some of Beaufort's businessmen quickly organized Beaufort Academy. After a year in makeshift quarters offered by historic St. Helena's Episcopal Church, it moved its 325 children last September to a new four-building campus on Lady's Island, across the river from Beaufort.

The homes of Beaufort's social and economic elite are well represented at the academy. The three county school-board members with school-age children have sent some of them to the private school, and so have Beaufort's mayor, at least one state legislator, and other members of the town's upper crust.

Beaufort Academy's headmaster is Commander Charles E. (Chuck) Owens, a veteran of private-school work in Charleston and Atlanta who still uses the naval title he acquired in the Korean War. His oak-paneled office reflects the determination of the academy's backers to go first class.

"I've been delighted to see the real academic concern of the people here," Owens told a recent visitor. "If it were primarily a racial situation, I wouldn't have been interested. But that was the catalyst, of course. There's a general feeling—and I'm inclined to think it's well based—that [with the coming of desegregation] academic standards in the public schools are bound to suffer." To Owens the academy represents no threat to the public schools. "Any monopoly is dangerous," he said. "I think perhaps we've put them on their toes."

Yet there are signs that Beaufort Academy already is having a demoralizing effect on the public schools. "The good people of Beaufort are taking their children and their interests away from the public schools just when we need them most, complained Sonny Foster, the Beaufort Elementary principal. "Many people who helped in our PTA, the people who were grade mothers, they are no longer with us. I don't think we were given much of a chance. These people were jumping off a sinking ship when the ship really wasn't sinking. People just panicked."

Many public-school men fear that each increase in desegregation will prompt another group of white parents to send their children to the private school. The danger is reflected in the reaction of an urbane and well-traveled Beaufort businessman: "I think this is a time to stand up for the public schools, and I'd even be willing to make a sacrifice—if there was any—to send my children to a school that is five or ten per cent Negro. But when it gets up to twenty-five or thirty per cent, I'm just not going to do it."

An important limiting factor on any white exodus from the public schools, of course, is the cost. Beaufort Academy's tuition is $350 a year, but a number of parents in modest circumstances have come up with the money. Whether they and others like them could afford private schooling year after year remains to be seen.

At Beaufort Memorial Hospital, the long dispute with Washington has settled into a stalemate. C. Alfred Lengnick, a finance-company executive who heads the hospital board, regrets that. "I wish we were in compliance, personally," he said. "I don't believe you can live outside the tide of the Federal government. If you're running a hospital, you've got to take care of the people in the county."

But Lengnick understands why many Beaufort white people dislike the idea of racial mixing in a semi-private hospital room. "What the Southern white man finds abhorrent is not that his wife or daughter is in the same room with a colored woman. It's the idea that a colored man will be coming in to visit." Lengnick has concluded reluctantly that the only way to solve the problem is to eliminate wards and semi-private rooms. "The answer is private rooms from stem to stern," he said with a wry smile. "They might not be any bigger than a coffin, but they'd be private."

Throughout the South, headlines on the Congressional revolt against school and hospital desegregation enforcement have heartened many whites, including some who concede the necessity for change but insist that Title VI is bringing it disruptively fast. The same headlines are read with dismay by Negro leaders like Davis and Mrs. Mitchell. The forebodings are particularly strong among those who recall that the first Reconstruction era ended ninety years ago when Northerners lost their abolitionist zeal and grew weary of the Southern Negroes' problems. Some fear that the second Reconstruction of the 1950's and 1960's could end the same way.

The Hand of Hesitation

Meanwhile, the small triumphs and tragedies of racial desegregation in the South continue, usually unchronicled and unnoticed except by those whose lives are touched. One such person in Beaufort is an attractive woman who has taught second-graders for the last dozen years. She was a native South Carolinian, she said, and belonged to "the old school." But she understood why Negro parents were eager for integration. "I frankly don't blame them for wanting the best," she said. "I'm just as against this integration as I can be, but I can see their point of view." The strain is proving too much for her. Beaufort Academy has "taken the cream of the crop, and the joy out of teaching. I think this is going to be my last year."

On all sides, she went on, there are terrific pressures. For years she taught her second-graders a little dancing game in which the boys and girls paired off. But after a Negro boy danced with a little white girl, she decided not to use that game again. "I don't want anybody down on my neck saying I'm up here teaching them to dance together."

In years past, she continued, her classes had been happy families. "I've always felt real close to my children, and in other years, we'd always catch hands as we'd go down the hall. But this year, there was a little colored boy beside me, and I had a little hesitation catching his hand. But when I did take his hand, he pulled it away. So now I just don't hold anybody's hand."

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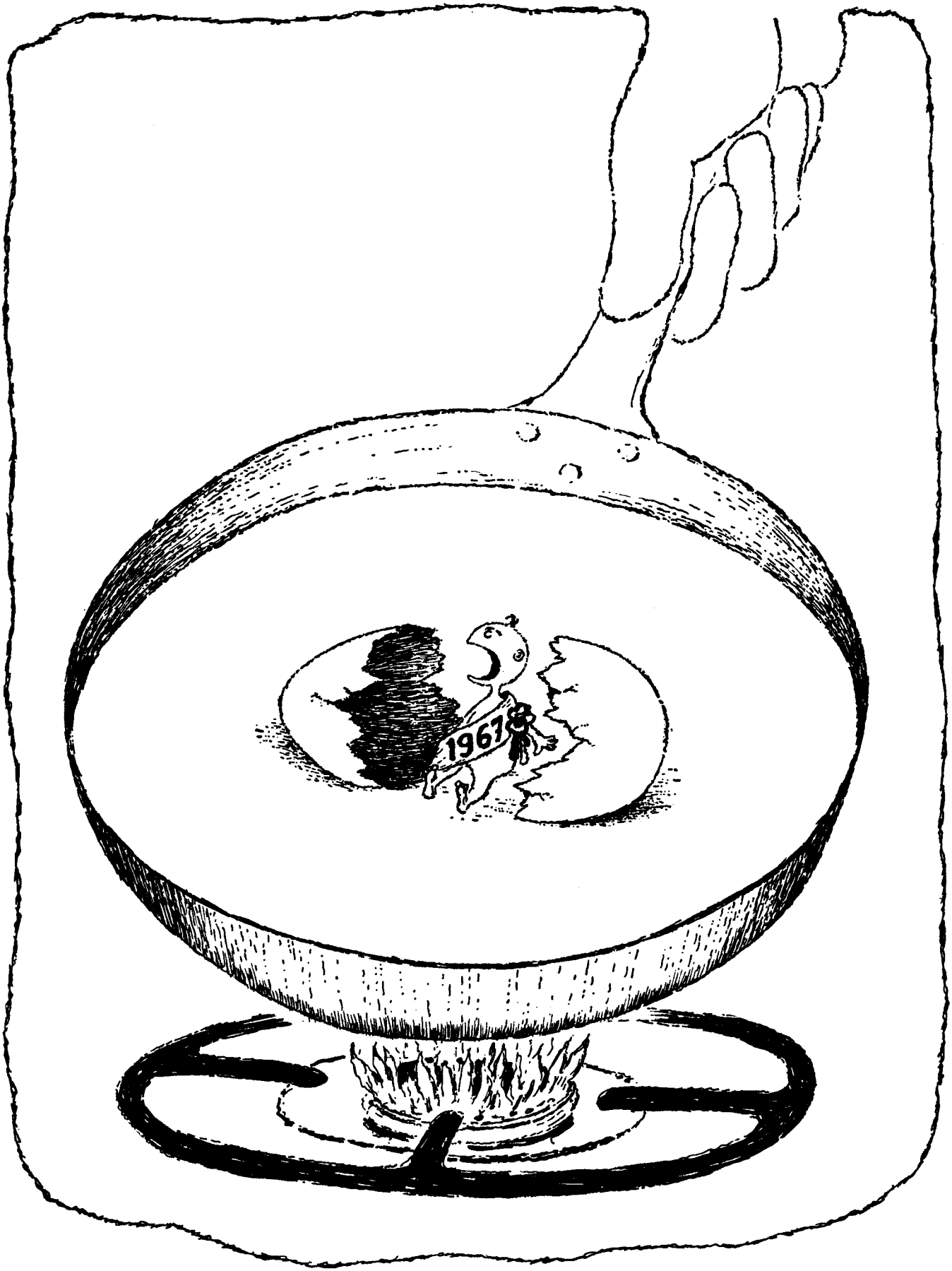

By Fernando Krahn

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A Constant Caller

HELEN HUDSON

MRS. MARVELL sat at the kitchen table, steaming her nose inside the coffee cup, watching the birds in her feeder and getting quite worked up over the jay. She had a strong sense of law and order and a devotion to detail. Her iced-tea spoons were exquisite and her diet balanced. She was sixty-eight with blue eyes and a fragile little face, round as a cup and beautifully preserved, as though it had been wrapped in tissue and used only on special occasions. She still saved ribbon and paper and rubbed her furniture with lemon-oil polish to preserve the wood. She wore her glasses on a chain around her neck like a second pair of eyes on her bosom ("Too vain to put them where they belong," Josephine Hooker had said), and kept two appointment books, one upstairs and one down, thus keeping a double check on time, though most of the pages were blank.

Through the windows she could see the sandbox and the swing and the jungle gym next door where Margaret Witherspoon's roses had once waved little white gloves over the fence. On the other side, at the old Brewster place, the flower beds were sinking into a sea of grass and an empty washline swayed in the breeze. Her own garden was neat as ever, with rows of tulips at the back and petunias on their knees along the borders.

She watched the jay swoop down on the feeder, scattering the sparrows and the chickadees, a plump, arrogant fellow in a blue suit. He reminded her of the policeman who had filled her kitchen after the last robbery, a big, clumsy man whose hands stumbled and tripped among her china. They had been increasing steadily, these robberies, ever since Lewis went to the nursing home. They were not really robberies, though, since nothing ever seemed to be taken; nothing, that is, that she missed. And they never happened when she was home. But they were beginning to frighten her all the same, and she was very careful now about locking up: double bolts on all the doors, curtains open, lights on, and the burglar alarm switched up. She was thinking of getting a dog and an electric fence.

"It's just a bunch of kids, Amy," Josephine Hooker told her. "After your liquor. I can't think why you don't leave it out where they can get at it easily. It would be cheaper in the long run." She rubbed her nose with the back of her hand like a child who won't carry a handkerchief, though she was sixty-five and born to one of the oldest families in Newburyport, Massachusetts. She had read so much poetry through the years that her face had begun to resemble a page of free verse, all dots and dashes and irregular lines.

Mrs. Marvell shook her head carefully as though she still had a mass of blond curls on her neck. "They're after my *things*, of course," she said. "That's why they always choose *my* house. I have *lovely* things." And she thought of her fine old silver bundled in its flannel jackets and the china and the pair of Venetian-glass decanters she kept clean and empty on the sideboard.

She pushed the coaster under Josephine's highball and stirred her own tea. "The liquor will stay where it belongs," she said firmly. But she didn't expect Josephine to under-

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stand. For Josephine kept extra hairpins in an ashtray on the mantel and pencils in mayonnaise jars all over the living room. Her hair always looked as if it were about to slide down over one ear like a wig, though she kept it skewered on dozens of pins and bunched up under a net. Mrs. Marvell's hair, all white now, stood up in soft little wisps as though she were being constantly —and gently—fanned.

Yet it seemed only a few years ago that it was still bright and shiny as the day Lewis first saw it from the lecture platform, like a golden spray in that sea of bent heads. He had married her at the end of the term, taking her home to a large white house with a driveway that swept past the front door and a grape arbor and a birdbath behind, and Valerie to cook and clean and draw the curtains so Mrs. Marvell never had to see the end of a day or the coming of night, dripping silently through the trees. Lewis was an associate professor by then, with tenure stretched out comfortably beneath him and an adoring family high on Nob Hill, a continent away. He was a mild, courteous man with a hint of the cutaway about him: a conciliator, a moderator, much in demand at college debates and faculty meetings. He brought to his new wife the love he had been saving up for years, like water in a bowl, and rubbed the back of her neck with tender hands. But he went on living most of his life in his study at home and in his office at the college, with the long walk between for exercise and reflection. Josephine Hooker said he was the only married bachelor she had ever known.

But Mrs. Marvell just smiled and ran a finger down the smooth silver curve of her teapot. She had her Wednesday reading group and the Sunday art lectures and long naps when she was bored. Sometimes she put a piece of black-velvet ribbon in her hair and went out to lunch. But on the whole, she preferred her garden, where the demands were simple and the responses predictable. Occasionally she gave dinner parties for six or eight with two maids to pass. "She really does it for her things," Josephine Hooker said. "To lay a new tablecloth or light up her Cellini candlesticks."

But Mrs. Marvell had been content. Her days had opened and closed like paper fans without even the pain of childbirth to cause the tiniest tear. And only Lewis to say, in his mildest manner, "I don't believe I would, if I were you, Amy. I really don't."

"Oh, I was spoiled," Mrs. Marvell thought now, sitting alone at her

kitchen table with the jungle gym on her right and an old rope swinging slightly at her left and that fat jay lording it over her feeder. "Terribly, terribly spoiled." She stared into the empty coffee cup and sucked one end of her glasses.

Yet even away back there, the robberies had begun. The first one came about a year after her marriage. Lewis had just left for a conference. "Do come," he had said the night before. But she had an appointment with her garden man the next day and she hated trains and cigarette smoke and Lewis's middle-aged, academic friends, who gave her admiring smiles but kept the conversation to themselves. She much preferred to stay behind and watch Douglas Fairbanks, strong and silent in the dark, and wait for Lewis to come back with his memories of Chicago strung on a chain or a locket for her.

But when she got home that night, for the first time, standing all alone, outside the dark and silent house, suddenly she felt frightened. And when she stepped inside, she had the strange feeling that someone had been there—someone who did not belong. She stood just inside the back door with the feeling that he was standing right behind her. She could almost feel his breath on her neck. She saw a burnt matchstick in the little enamel ashtray, a dishcloth in a heap on the counter beneath the rack, and the liquor cabinet slightly open. She turned and ran around the corner to where Josephine Hooker lived with Alden, her new husband, who did all the cooking while his wife read poetry aloud.

Josephine put her arms around her and Mrs. Marvell sobbed into the wool on Josephine's shoulder that still smelled of camphor though it was mid-January. "Stay here tonight," Josephine said. But Mrs. Marvell remembered that the Hookers had no real guest room, just a lumpy cot in Alden's study with Alden's music stand at the head and Alden's swivel chair at the foot and smudges on the spread where Alden's feet had been.

The Hookers took her back home and saw her inside. She left most of the lights on and put chairs behind the doors. But she lay awake a long time, wondering about him, whoever he was, who had watched the house so carefully, whose fingers had violated her possessions, and who even now, she felt sure, was still out there, beneath the trees or under the arbor, with his hands restless in his pockets and his eyes fixed on her windows.

Lewis came home the next morning. The police came; also a carpenter in overalls, looking ready to cope, with a hammer and a rule sticking out of his back pocket. They examined the locks and the windows and the doors. They searched the cupboards and the closets. But they found nothing gone and nothing added. Lewis put his arms around her. "Are you sure you didn't just imagine it?"

"He must have had a key," she said.

The liquor cabinet was closed, the dishcloth hung up, and the ashtray washed. They had new locks put on all the doors. The days became smooth again with Rowena, this time, closing the curtains and Lewis pouring the tea and carving. There was nothing to remember except, for a while, a small hole, a jagged slit where something ugly had forced its way in.

Mrs. Marvell had forgotten all

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about it when, three years later, Lewis had to go West to his mother's funeral. "I really think you should come with me this time, Amy," he said. She was in bed with a headache and symptoms that might have meant the early stages of pregnancy.

She held out her hand. "I'm so sorry. I know I shouldn't let you go

alone. But I'm afraid to take chances. And funerals upset me so."

He took her hand. "Funerals upset me too," he said. "Especially this one."

She stayed in bed long after he had gone, thinking how glad she was not to be going with him: the chapel smelling of hothouse flowers and dusty hymnals and old men waiting in the pews. She had a long bath and a slow breakfast and spent the afternoon in the garden with a book on her lap, admiring the bright, shiny faces of her jonquils. She went to the Hookers' for dinner.

"Good God!" Josephine said. "Of course you should have gone." She rubbed her nose and glared. "Really, Amy, you're getting more selfish by the minute."

"I know, dear," Mrs. Marvell said mildly. "But Lewis does spoil me so." She smiled at Alden. No one, she thought, would ever want to spoil Josephine, that outcropping of New England granite in a plaid skirt.

But when she got home that night standing at her back door, fumbling for the key, Mrs. Marvell suddenly remembered the last time she had come home alone in the dark. And when she stepped inside, she knew at once that someone had been there, stirring the air in that locked house. She saw one of the kitchen drawers slightly open and the liquor cabinet unlatched. She turned and ran back to the Hookers'.

"Well," Josephine Hooker said, pressing Mrs. Marvell's face against her cardigan. "Any bottles missing?"

Mrs. Marvell shook her head. "How can I tell? You know I never touch liquor. And I don't pay any attention to the supply."

"Pity," Josephine Hooker said. "Part of your unfinished education, not learning to drink. Now you'll have to go through life never knowing whether or not you're being robbed."

But Mrs. Marvell remembered the sight of that slightly gaping cabinet and the kitchen drawer hanging down like a greedy little mouth, and she shuddered. It was a long time before she got over the feeling that something or someone was waiting, just outside the house, with his shoulder against the door.

The housebreaking continued but only when Lewis was away, and so seldom and sporadically through the years that each intrusion came as a surprise. She had time, in between, to get angry. She refused to move the liquor. She refused to spend the night with the Hookers. She would not take down the arbor or put up an ugly electric fence or get a dog to chew her furniture and make messes on the rugs. She would go on doing as she pleased. Like the burglar.

She built a new little sitting room for herself with French windows, in spite of the burglar, and insisted that Lewis keep the liquor supply well stocked, perhaps *because* of him. But mostly she lived without reference to him. She pulled up her lawn in half a dozen places and moved the flower beds around like furniture. She hired a squadron of maids, one after the other, and fired them when they forgot to wash the empty decanters or put the sofa cushions back upside down. They all seemed to have fancy names and she dressed them in white. "Like hospital nurses," Josephine Hooker said. "They even walk on their toes. So as not to disturb the jade ashtrays, I suppose."

"We're happy," Mrs. Marvell said. "I've made Lewis happy. Without poetry. At least he doesn't have to do the cooking."

"Alden loves to cook," Josephine said. "And he never washes up." It was true. Mrs. Marvell had seen her with her arms in the dishpan and her face soft, the lines running together, and Alden practicing scales on the violin near the drainboard.

"Lewis has never had to do either," Mrs. Marvell said. "I've been a good wife. I've made him happy."

She wondered now, sitting at the kitchen table, smoothing the place mat, if this were true. But it was too late to ask him. He was dying, inch by inch, in a nursing home twenty miles away, tucked discreetly between the pleats of the surrounding hills. It was where all the aged middle class of the town were sent when death loitered too long on the doorstep.

Lewis was suffering from a circulatory disease.

"Tired blood," Josephine Hooker told her husband.

"There's no such thing,"

"Bored blood, then. After forty years with Amy, anybody's blood would get sluggish."

But Lewis was letting go very slowly, beginning with his little toe at one end and his mind at the other and his heart holding the balance between them. It was as though, mild and moderate as he was, he could not accept anything so extreme as death and was temporizing still, keeping it at arm's length with his voice low. Every day when Mrs. Marvell went to see him, he looked at her sadly and asked why she hadn't come the day before.

Yet, when he had forgotten everything else, he remembered his manners and his sense of propriety. Whenever they brought him a tray or a drink or a pill, he would raise solicitous eyes to his wife and ask, "Where's yours? Why aren't they

bringing yours?" And when the nurse said, "Did you sleep well?" or "Did you have a movement?," he would raise his voice slightly and answer, "Did you?" But he had no defenses. A gentle man, he could not stay for the final battle but had moved out, looking in only occasionally, shocked to discover how far the invasion had advanced. He sat

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in the big chair in pajamas and robe with his hair long around his ears and barely enough strength to turn his head from the raised spoon.

The nurses stood about in the halls, big and white as plaster casts, and they often complained of Lewis to his face. "Keeps trying to pull the catheter out all the time," they told Mrs. Marvell. She would cry all the way home, remembering Lewis as he had been, tall and elegant in dark suits and so polite that just winding his watch seemed an act of courtesy.

In the garage, she would sit in the car for a moment, drying her eyes and wondering if Lewis would ever come home again. And then she remembered the burglar who came only when Lewis was away. She would go quietly up the back steps and stand inside the kitchen door, over against the wall, waiting for someone to brush past her in the narrow hall. And then she would look for the evidence. She found it more and more often, penetrating farther and farther into the house: a used glass in the sitting room, a broken stem on the begonia plant in the study, the tops of the decanters crooked in the dining room, and, just the other night, a dead leaf in the hall at the bottom of the stairs.

She had had the burglar alarm installed then, and all the locks changed once more. She kept all the inside doors sealed permanently, living only in the kitchen and the bedroom and the upstairs bathroom. But she locked even these behind her.

Now she put on her glasses to watch the birds, but the jay had chased them all away. Only he was left, fat and cocky with his head in her feeder. Soon he too flew behind a tree and disappeared. The garden was suddenly quiet. She took off her glasses. Behind her the house was quiet too, with that terrible silence which had been seeping in ever since Lewis left. She was down to just the Wednesday reading group now and a Thursday maid (called simply Gussie), and they made no sounds that carried through the week. The phone almost never rang, or the doorbell. Everyone else seemed dead or busy or away. Besides, she had never encouraged callers. She had never really developed any tolerance for people, any more than for alcohol, and she could not start now, could not listen to their prattle of husbands and grandchildren and the party at the Binghams', not now while Lewis sat in a nursing home with his hands in his lap, waiting for the blood in his veins to stop flowing.

And so she lived in silence while the plants around her grew without a sound and measured the weeks with a length of green. Shy little flames burned unheard in the stove, scorching, at regular intervals, small holes in her day that were breakfast and lunch and dinner. Even

the clocks were quiet, electric clocks that marked the time in silence, their hands sliding or sticking at will. She longed for the regular, dependable tick of her youth when she could hear the passing of time and it had a serene and soothing sound.

She was all alone in a silent house with a thief who came more and more often. Should she move to an apartment in town? Make certain, once more, that the tops were straight on the decanters and the sofa cushions right side up and call the auctioneer? There was no one to tell her—no one to advise or command or say, simply, "You're wrong." There was not even Lewis's mild "I don't believe I would." They said only, "Do whatever you want." Like shutting a drawer. Even Josephine Hooker had gone up to Boston when Alden died, to read poetry to her grandchildren. Mrs. Marvell got up at last and washed and dried her cup and saucer. Then, locking the kitchen door behind her, she went slowly upstairs, holding her glasses flat against her breast.

Lewis was much worse that afternoon. He lay on his back in bed. His white hair almost covered his ears now and his beard was sprouting like new grass around his mouth. His words came out in a mere trickle that she could not understand. Until she got up to go.

"Good-by, Lewis," she said softly.

He clung to her hand. "I really think you should come with me this time, Amy," he said distinctly. "I really do."

She drove home with the hand he had held on her lap tucked carefully under her coat.

At home she found her bathroom window open. Her housebreaker had come again, but it was the first time he had ever dared come upstairs. He must have climbed up the arbor. Now she would have to tear it down. Maybe put up an electric fence and get a dog. From now on she would even have to leave the car where he could see it *all the time.* She called the police and sat down in the kitchen to wait. She could see the liquor cabinet in the pantry. It was open just a crack, making a thin gash in the smooth surface of the wall. She got up, suddenly, pulled out a bottle, and poured herself a drink.

After the police had gone, she turned on all the lights and checked all the doors, including the inside ones: the dining room and the sitting room and the living room and the study. Whenever, however he came, there would be many sealed doors between them. Then she picked up the bottle, locked the kitchen door behind her, and went softly up the stairs. She bolted the bedroom door, put the bottle on the dressing table, and sat down to wait.

She knew that sometime soon, very soon, tomorrow or the next day or the next, he would come again. And she knew that, next time, he would come when she was there. She would sit waiting for him in the locked bedroom, staring at the oak panel of the door, listening to the sound of his steps on the stair—strange, irregular steps like a man's with a limp. She put on her glasses and poured herself a drink and stared at her bedroom door. It was a lovely door, all smooth with a rich, dark grain and an old-fashioned brass keyhole. It would be a shame to have it all smashed and splintered. Sipping her drink and staring at the door, she wondered, suddenly, if she shouldn't unlock it for him. Hadn't he been her most constant caller?

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St. Valentine in the Dyeworks

GERALD WEALES

FARCE is a way of coping. In one of its most popular manifestations, it turns a perennial innocent loose on the world and lets him, by his inability to give the correct responses to accepted stimuli, destroy restrictive institutions and ideas. On the most obvious level, Jerry Lewis has made a career of playing that fool. Valentine Brose, the hero of Henry Livings's *Eh?*, is of that sainted company, but the Livings play has made the implicit rebellion of farce explicit. Happily, both the playwright and the players at Circle in the Square in Greenwich Village do so without losing the laughter that belongs to the genre.

Livings's innocent is not all that innocent. The other characters in the play accuse him variously of cunning and imbecility and he never denies either accusation; in fact, he sometimes borrows their words to describe himself. The audience presumably is to remain somewhat confused on that point, too, but in Dustin Hoffman's remarkable performance a strange smile, half smirk and half surprise, flits across his face. Both the performance and the movement of the play suggest that Brose is as purposefully eccentric as the Madwoman of Chaillot. Not that he otherwise resembles that elegant lady. Rouben Ter-Arutunian dresses him in what I take to be Carnaby Street run mad, a three-handed tug-of-war in which the clashing colors of his suit, shirt, and tie try to prevail.

Hoffman plays Brose as a cross between a track entrant waiting for the starting gun and a mystic listening to interior instructions. The actor has mastered that lovely old vaudeville lean in which the body becomes a rigid line forever on the slant while the audience waits for the performer to pitch forward on his face. With Hoffman, however, the device is not simply a joke but an image of Brose. The audience is never sure whether he is about to plunge into action or has fallen asleep leaning on the air. Livings lets him speak in non sequiturs and echoes of the other characters (both standard farce verbal gags), but Hoffman, depending on his tone of voice, can suggest stupidity or mockery. This Valentine Brose becomes a fit opponent for the powers that confront him when he takes a job in the boiler room of a dyeworks where all he has to do is check gauges, oil the wheels, and push a button, to see that steam is fed into the plant and not black smoke into the atmosphere.

I have heard *Eh?* described as still another confrontation between the little man and the machines he cannot cope with, but—although there are elements of that theme in some of the gags involving Brose and the machinery—that seems the least important thing in the Livings play. What Brose is forced to confront are conventional attitudes of mind. Almost every one of the characters at some point in the play, always in the midst of an extended and passionate explanation, is stopped cold by an apparently innocuous remark of Brose's and forced to ask "Eh?" The titular question contains in it both the surprise that there are other possibilities and the incipient chaos that, by the end of the play, will shatter the certainties. Mr. Price, the works manager, speaks for the factory, for the system in which the end is mechanical efficiency, a full head of steam: "When will someone invent me a man?" Dana Elcar plays him with a full head of steam, human, not mechanical, a comic performance in the slow-burn tradition of the late Edgar Kennedy. From the beginning, it is clear that the managerial Price, all rationality and good sense, is at the mercy of the simplest suggestion from his psychologizing personnel manager. Inevitably he is no match for Brose, who keeps backing him into one role after another.

Brose also tangles with the personnel manager, Mrs. Murray; a clergyman from the Smoke Abatement Society; and his own bride, whom he brings to live in the boiler room. Mrs. Murray is a comic stereotype, the psychology-spouting social worker, just waiting to release the id from the damper of jargon that she has placed over it. Such a character (see *A Thousand Clowns*) is ordinarily played with a physical awkwardness that complements the mind set. Elizabeth Wilson in the role is all angularity, sometimes jackknifing to the side so that her hip points as much as her insistent and teaching finger does; there is, for all the sharpness, a kind of fluidity that suggests, as in the scene in which she and Brose turn tension-releasing yells into a kind of insane duet, that she is ready to flow if she can find a channel.

The Reverend Mort, who is always on the watch to see that no black smoke is released, turns out to be half in love with the dragons of nameless fear to which religion gives labels, hoping thus to bury what ought to be hidden. The vicar's knocking down of Brose and even his skipping walk indicate how the dragons will rise again. The wife simply wants Brose to be a man, her man, and as she makes clear in her first scene, she will have a man even if she has to be one herself.

AT THE END of the play, just as the forces seem to have defeated Brose, the mushrooms he has been trying to cultivate suddenly spring up, and he turns Mort and Price on with a little psychedelic snack. Their release, illustrated by their skipping exit, presumably goes for Mrs. Murray and Brose's Betty as well. Brose then destroys the machinery and settles down with his predecessor to explain what he has done. As I remember it, some of the reviews when the play opened assumed that Brose's last bit with the machinery represents the destruction of the world, but—even though there are lines early in the play about implicit destruction in the machinery—that seems not at all the effect. "Do you like happy endings?" Brose asks as he begins his final explanation, and we are given one. As in the best tradition of farce, the audience moves with the fool through a laugh-filled world in which the most restrictive walls come tumbling down. The world of farce is surely a reflection of the real world. Eh?

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Humdrum Epic

ROBERT SKLAR

FILM MAKERS and stars from France, Germany, and the United States have cordially collaborated in turning a dramatic moment of history—the struggle for Paris in August, 1944—into an unreal and unexciting motion picture.

Is Paris Burning? qualifies unmistakably, however, as an attempt at art. Gore Vidal wrote the screenplay with Francis Ford Coppola, René Clément of *Forbidden Games* directed it, Maurice Jarre wrote the music, and Paul Graetz produced it. But *Is Paris Burning?* fails as art, and artistic failure is often instructive. In this case failure serves as proof that film makers can botch a history book as easily as they can a novel or a play.

The film is named after the recent best-seller from which it was taken. Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, authors of the book, told in popular, dramatized fashion how Hitler's orders to destroy the city were never carried out. The film makers adhered to the book with surprising fidelity, far more than their peers willingly give real works of literature. But novels have served as hoary staples for moviemakers ever since *The Birth of a Nation*; history books pose quite different problems for the film, problems that are worth looking into.

Past events in themselves provide no drama. After all, we already know how they turned out. What makes history exciting is the play of character and motive. The historian must be an artist, telling not only what people did but also weaving in among the events an explanation of why they did it.

Collins and Lapierre are journalists rather than artists, but in telling how Paris was saved from German dynamite and bombs, they gave their story a dramatic center by focusing on the German commander, General Dietrich von Choltitz, and his decision not to carry out his orders. But they tried as well to suggest how a vast array of human motives and choices also played a role in the outcome, and they accomplished this, ironically, by borrowing a movie method—the technique of montage, of short, rapidly shifting scenes.

VIDAL, Clément, and Graetz began their work without a theory on transforming history into film, but quite clearly they could have used one. The primary difficulty they faced in turning dramatic historical writing into dramatic movie scenes is that motives and character can no longer be explained; they must be shown and acted. Failing this, the film makers might have dropped the idea of making a dramatic historical film and tried instead to create an epic film, where the pathos and splendor of the historical event itself provide excitement, rather than the drama of character.

Frédéric Rossif's recent documentary of the Spanish Civil War, *To Die in Madrid*, partially succeeded as an epic film. The trouble with even so good a documentary as *To Die in Madrid* is that it straddles the fence between epic and drama—between re-creating the historical event and providing an explanation for it.

What can compare with movies as a medium for creating the epic, broad, outward sense of life? The audacity and bravery of many cameramen lifts the viewer from his seat and sets him down in the middle of the scene. In *To Die in Madrid* the viewer takes part in an advance with Franco's infantry, runs through the streets of Guernica as the bombs begin to fall, rides the train carrying the International Brigades out of Barcelona. You participate: history falls away, and you live in the past as if it were present, share in the sense of an unknown future.

But the narrator still speaks. He explains what is going on, why it comes out one way and not another. You return to your seat, a wall grows up between you and the scene. The viewer after all is no more than a distant spectator at events from the irretrievable past. Despite the inherent advantage of the visual medium, documentary films like *To Die in Madrid* fail to sustain the breadth and immediacy of a historical epic.

THE BOOK *Is Paris Burning?* does possess a certain breadth and immediacy through its montage technique, and the film makers needed only to transfer the story to their far more effective medium in order to produce a successful historical epic. This in part they planned to do, and partially they carried it through. They too can lift you into the scene; and they can let the scene tell its own story, so that no narrator's voice intrudes to put you back in your seat.

There are moments in *Is Paris Burning?* when you feel you are in the presence of history: when leaders of the Resistance meet to vote on strategy, when Resistance fighters battle German Panzers alongside the Seine, when the bells of Notre Dame shake off their cobwebs and ring out for the first time in four years. The viewer is in the past, with all its uncertainty and suspense, just as the reader experiences the Battle of Waterloo in *The Charterhouse of Parma;* only the film can move the viewer anywhere, can rapidly create a sense of the whole, without sacrificing suspense.

But this film does sacrifice nearly

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all its suspense. The film makers committed their rarest of errors, an excess of fidelity to the book. They tried to reproduce faithfully the montage technique the authors already had at second hand. But in the book, montage gives access to inner states of mind. The movie-makers could not re-create those inner states of mind, so they decided simply to make up for it—leaving aside the more obvious commercial motives—by using the movie industry's substitute for personality: the fixed image of the well-known movie star.

Sixteen members of the "stunning international cast" receive star billing. "Stunning" is precisely the word for them. They stun not only one's sense of participation; they destroy historical reality as well. One of the book's amusing stories relates how the young Resistance leader Yvon Morandat and his friend Claire bluffed their way to capture the Hôtel de Matignon. When Jean-Paul Belmondo and Marie Versini portray this scene in the movie, the audience is thrice removed: it is invited to identify not with the suspense of the scene, nor with the event itself, but with Belmondo and Versini.

THE FILM MAKERS lacked, in the end, the wit to see what their very skills as film makers could have created for them. Instead they tried to force the historical film into uncongenial molds, the mold of the history book, the mold of the made-up movie. They muffed their chance to make an effective historical epic because they failed to see that the epic film implies an attitude toward history.

Epic film suggests the universality of history, the destiny of individuals linked inseparably to events. In the best scenes of *Is Paris Burning?* it matters not who a person is but what he does. Here and there the film makers managed to re-create the sense of life, the sense of destiny we can sometimes share with the anonymous figures who move in blurred and grainy newsreels. They failed to realize that the greatest achievement of their art would be to make us feel the excitement of moving and acting in that gray and grainy world.

You Are Old, Father Bertrand

Bertrand said to
a lyndon his
eye he had pinned
on, "Let's
both go
to law: I
will prose-
cute *you*.—
I do not
stand alone,
but with Sartre
and Simone,
and a vol-
uble French
intellectual crew."
Said the
lyndon, "Dear me,
such a
trial would
be, with
no jury
or judge,
a ju-
dicative
mess."
"We'll be
judge,
We'll be
jury,"
said
Ber-
trand
with fury:
"And our
verdict
has
just
been
released
to the
press."

—OGDEN NASH

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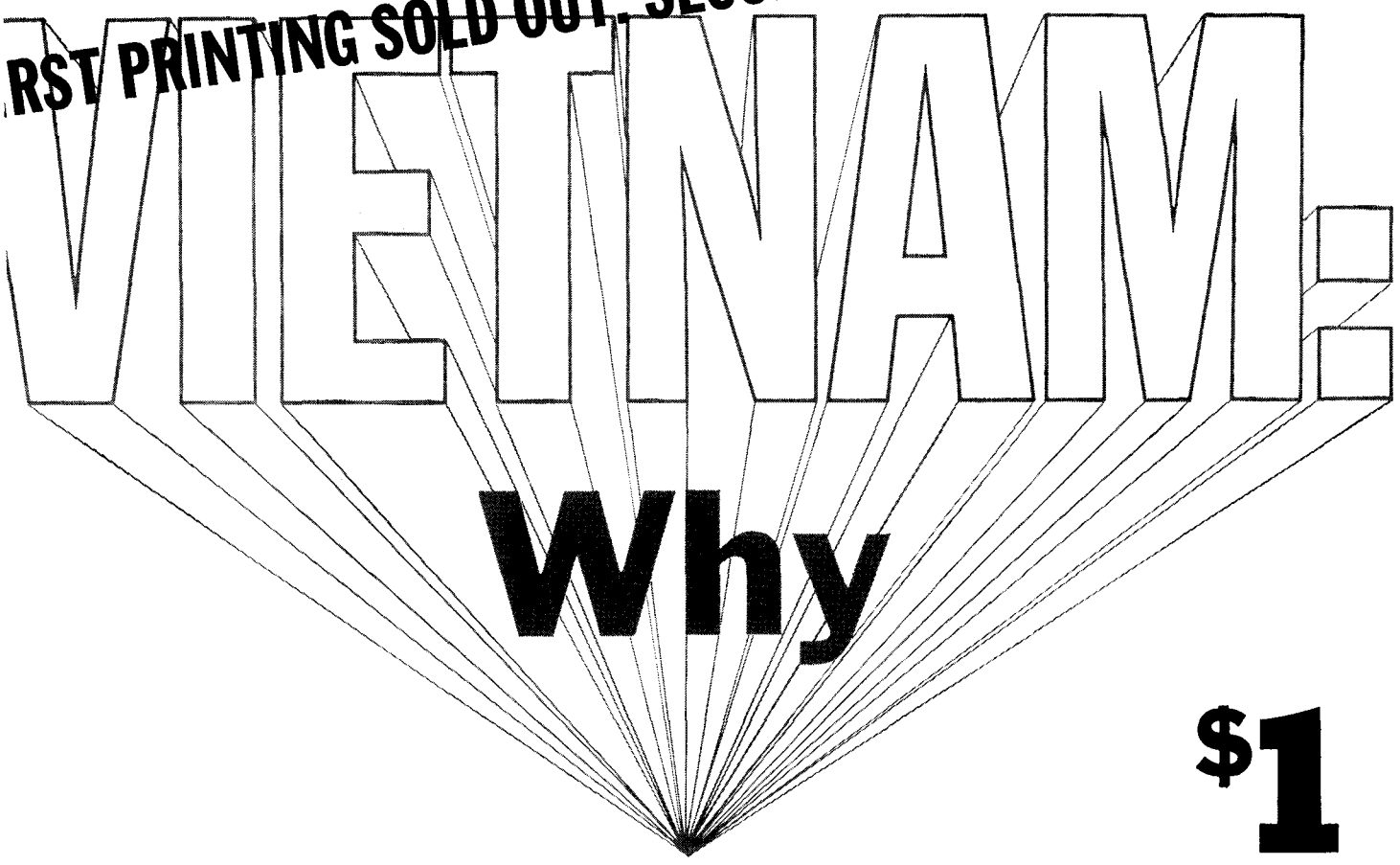

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With the first printing of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a second edition—expanded from 56 to 64 pages.

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BOOKS

The Essential Maugham

SAREL EIMERL

REMEMBERING MR. MAUGHAM, by Garson Kanin. *Atheneum. $5.95.*

"There are certain people," remarks Garson Kanin, "artists, and mutual acquaintances who are invariably discussed; others are not. The former are the big ones, the giants. How often we talk of Maugham. . . ." Interest in W. Somerset Maugham, as a person and not just as a writer, spread far beyond those who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance. He never courted attention, nor, until the last years of his long life, did he expose his private—as distinct from his literary—life to the public view. The feeling that one knows him so well is a tribute to his stature as a literary artist. He commanded attention, as a great actor dominates a stage, not because of the words spoken or written, but because of the personality behind them.

It is Maugham's personality rather than his work that forms the subject matter of this superlative and eminently readable collection of reminiscences. They are presented in the form of extracts from a journal, based on notes Kanin wrote down as soon as he could after the conversations he had with Maugham over a period of some twenty years. Kanin is a playwright and director and most of the extracts resemble scenes in a play, told largely in dialogue but accompanied by stage directions in the shape of Kanin's reflections. The tone is light and much of the content is really gossip, but through the gossip Kanin has succeeded in drawing a vivid portrait of a man whom he both admired and loved.

Irresistibly Kanin's portrait demands comparison with the Maugham as he revealed himself through his autobiographical works and, by implication, through the character of the narrator in such novels as *Cakes and Ale* and *The Razor's Edge*. Here and there surprises occur. The reader may well be astonished, as Kanin was, by what happened when Maugham met Vivien Leigh: "WSM is speechless and cannot take his eyes off her. . . . Vivien falls in love. As for WSM, I have never seen this side of him—the gallant, the courtly gentleman, the man on the make." Still, a surprise or two is to be expected in a man who, as Kanin portrays him, was made up of paradoxes. Maugham was tormented by his stammer and by the aftereffects of a miserable childhood, and he was abnormally shy. He was also the sophisticate supreme: ironic, cool and amused, shrewd, witty and wise. He was a profound student of literature and philosophy but wrote in a style that a twelve-year-old can enjoy. He mastered the art of living graciously yet he remained essentially an observer who found the world an interesting place to visit but didn't much enjoy living in it.

THUS FAR, Kanin's portrait is very much the Maugham one can recognize from his books. What is really fascinating about Kanin's memoir is that through anecdote and quotation he manages to make clear just why Maugham's personality was so compelling. There was the relentless common sense and utter disdain for affectation or stupidity. Kanin asks if Maugham follows any rule with regard to cutting. " 'Yes,' he replies without delay. 'If it occurs to me to cut something. I cut it.' " There was the acerb, crushing wit. Maugham sees Spencer Tracy playing *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* on a movie set and asks, "Which one is he now?"—an insult Tracy never forgave. And there is always the cool, searching insight into human behavior. Asked about the rising influence of homosexuality in the London theatre, he replies that he deplores it because "it spoils the . . . women, don't you see? It makes them hard and rather cynical. When there is no . . . premium for femininity, it fails to develop properly."

BUT what most intrigued Kanin was Maugham's professionalism and the intensity of will that he employed to make himself as good a writer as he possibly could. Maugham had many friends and interests and he lived in high style. But his life was dominated by his work. "I have always enjoyed writing," he told Kanin; "I have never enjoyed living." And for more than sixty years, he wrote for four hours every day. Kanin, like many of Maugham's other friends, was deeply impressed by the self-discipline in-

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small food shop.

And with all this, there is still one more gift over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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volved, and I have often wondered why this assiduity should have so impressed people who were themselves highly successful. Many writers have produced as many words or more than Maugham, if not over so extended a period. They too must have imposed on themselves a rigid self-discipline.

What then made Maugham so exceptional? With one marvelous anecdote, Kanin provides the complete answer. During the Second World War, Nelson Doubleday lent Maugham a house on his estate in South Carolina. The servants were simple back-country Negroes and the Doubledays were concerned that Maugham would not be able to live in his accustomed style. They need not have worried. Ten days after he moved in, Maugham invited them to dinner and they were astounded when on came a "superb onion soup, truite au bleu, duck à l'orange, a wondrous salad, and an almond soufflé," all served with polish. Was the story true? Kanin couldn't believe it and years later he asked Maugham. It was. But how did Maugham manage to train such servants to provide such a dinner in less than ten days? " 'Actually,' said Maugham, 'it's no trouble. No trouble at all. Unless you call trouble having the same meal eight nights running!' "

This was obviously the same man who in his youth labored to improve his style by copying passages from Jeremy Taylor and Dryden and Swift, which he then tried to write out from memory. Such dedication is admirable and surely Maugham deserved his success, if ever any writer did. Yet few writers have been so bitterly savaged by critics or fellow writers. Kanin quotes the English dramatist Arthur Macrae damning Maugham for his routine, which was responsible for "things like *Up at the Villa*. It would be much better for him and for us if he'd spared us that one." Kanin also describes Edmund Wilson as so determined to castigate Maugham that he would speak only of *Then and Now*, a bad novel that Maugham wrote late in life. Now, a writer who has produced as much as Maugham deserves to be judged by his best work, and no one has to read *Up at the Villa* or *Then and Now* if he doesn't want to. Why then should Macrae and Wilson, like so many other writers, have berated Maugham as if his work constituted some kind of personal insult?

Kanin's answer, in brief, is that they did take his work as a reflection on themselves. Maugham, as Glenway Wescott observed, was "for many years the dean of English novelists . . . the only one who had the admiration of an elite of highly cultivated, sophisticated readers . . . and at the same time gave great pleasure to . . . a million or more ordinary mortals." He was successful as novelist, playwright, short-story writer, and essayist, in movies and in television. His work frustrated the critics because it did not

lend itself to critical analysis, yet he also arrogated to himself the role of critic, which Kanin thinks is what really infuriated Wilson. And his success was particularly galling because he made writing look so easy.

Occasionally Maugham provoked emotions so intense that they swelled into hatred. For hatred must have been bubbling under the surface for a long time before it exploded into the open when, in 1962, Maugham published a series of articles in which he bitterly attacked his former wife, Syrie, and soon afterwards attempted to disinherit the lady whom for forty years he had acknowledged as his daughter. There resulted a brouhaha of remarkable violence. Old friends of Maugham's turned their backs on him. They damned him for vilifying the memory of a dead woman who could not defend herself. They asserted that it was Maugham who had destroyed the marriage and poisoned his wife's existence by leaving her for a young American, Gerald Haxton. Now that Maugham, too. is dead, the attacks have grown more shrill, and one English mediocrity, Beverley Nichols, has written a book, truly extraordinary for its odiousness and tone of hysteria, in which he portrays Syrie Maugham as a martyred saint and his old friend Willie not simply as malevolently cruel to his wife but also as helplessly in bondage to Haxton.

The whole story would make a marvelous Maugham novel and no doubt several people are busily engaged in writing it. It is relevant to Kanin's memoir because it demonstrates one of the pitiful factors that must necessarily condition the I-knew-him literature on Maugham. Kanin concedes his faults. He could be ruthless if it helped his work, as in his brilliant, vicious dissection of Hugh Walpole as Alroy Kear in *Cakes and Ale*. He was often selfish, even cruel. But great men have great faults, as Maugham observed of Churchill, and his own faults are liable to be exaggerated because he lived to such an age that most of the people now in a position to write about him remember him most clearly as a very old man, sliding into decay; when, as his nephew Robin has described him, he would sit jabbering obscenities, racked by self-hatred and bitterness.

IT WOULD BE well to remember that self-hatred and bitterness are common symptoms of senile dementia, that they lead many old people to behave atrociously, and that it is grossly unfair to describe the ravings and ill conduct of a very old man as if they represent his true character. Kanin tells a delightful anecdote of Maugham recounting how the editor of the *Times* sent him his obituary to be checked for accuracy. "When he called the following day, I said to him, 'Well, I find it . . . accurate enough, but not half . . . *warm* enough.' So he invited me to tidge it up. And I did. I can assure you it's . . . warm enough *now!*' " Maugham, alas, cannot tidge up any more obituaries, and other Nicholses will doubtless be picking over his bones. The supreme merit of Kanin's memoir, apart from the pleasure it provides, is that it will help to preserve a fair balance in future judgments about a great man.

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The Levels of Nuclear Strategy

THOMAS W. WOLFE

ESCALATION AND THE NUCLEAR OPTION, by **Bernard Brodie.** *Princeton University Press. $4.50.*

Most people believe that it would be a fine thing if the nuclear genie could be put back in the bottle. However, in a world where technology and politics together have given the nuclear age a seemingly irreversible character, men must learn to live with the genie in their midst. No one can predict how this awesome and enormously complex learning process will ultimately turn out. In the meantime, there are obviously wide differences of view concerning the lessons to be drawn from the world's nuclear experience to date, including those lessons pertinent to the place of nuclear weapons in U.S. defense policy.

This is brought home anew by the latest of Bernard Brodie's many contributions to nuclear-age strategic thought. In an earlier influential work, *Strategy in the Missile Age,* Brodie—once a member of the RAND Corporation and now a professor at the University of California at Los Angeles—had cautioned against overdependence on strategic nuclear power at a time when the doctrine of massive retaliation still dominated American strategic planning. In his new book, *Escalation and the Nuclear Option,* he again swims against the stream of prevailing opinion, now questioning the wisdom of building up NATO's conventional forces in Europe as a substitute for reliance on tactical nuclear weapons.

THE BOOK has exposed several abrasive issues, some of which are of great moment. Perhaps the most fundamental of these turns on the essentially moral question: Are there any circumstances in which the use or threat of use of nuclear weapons is justified? If the answer is "No," and some persons will so answer as a matter of conscience or for other reasons, then there is obviously no place for books like Professor Brodie's, which rests on the premise that nuclear weapons may serve condign purposes, such as to maintain the peace, through deterrence, or for self-defense against unprovoked aggression. Since this premise seems to be widely shared by men and their governments, including our own and that of the Soviet Union, Professor Brodie may at least be deemed to have secular sanction for his inquiry, which happens to focus upon the wisdom of certain military arrangements and

concepts in NATO that he thinks may dilute the effectiveness of nuclear deterrence.

Exception may of course be taken in one measure or another to Professor Brodie's specific analysis and recommendations. At the same time, it is hard to quarrel with the general proposition from which he begins, namely, that if the existence of nuclear arms has reduced the chances of war between the United States and the Soviet Union, as the nuclear-age record thus far indicates, then it behooves one to inquire closely into how things can best be kept that way.

As Professor Brodie sees it, deterrence on the strategic level has worked and is likely to keep on working, particularly since the greatly reduced vulnerability of strategic retaliatory forces has largely removed any incentive to strike first. But deterrence must also operate at lower levels of possible conflict in order to ensure against escalation to major dimensions of warfare. It is here, and especially in the case of Europe, to which his essay is mainly devoted, that Professor Brodie finds cause for concern. His argument—a great deal of which touches upon familiar issues in the running controversy of the past few years over a suitable position for NATO—can be summarized thus: The effort to enlarge NATO's conventional forces substantially in order to broaden the available options, up to that of dealing if necessary with a deliberate large-scale Soviet aggression, has been both redundant and bad for deterrence, besides having unwelcome political effects upon the alliance: redundant because the strategic stalemate and Soviet prudence make a blatant Soviet assault on Europe highly unlikely; bad for deterrence because raising the tactical nuclear threshold may encourage the idea that it is safe to allow minor military conflict to grow to considerable scale without danger of nuclear escalation. Hence, in Professor Brodie's view, the best policy to ensure against escalation of possible low-scale conflict or to deter hostilities in the first place would be to retain an unambiguous tactical nuclear option. By the same token, what should be avoided is a policy that might give the Soviet Union unambiguous assurance that nuclear risks no longer apply.

IN A SENSE, Brodie's position has been partly overtaken by events and the passage of time, as he himself recognizes by noting that U.S. preoccupation with NATO's conventional forces has given way somewhat to "stressing the rapid growth of our store of tactical nuclear weapons in Europe, coupled with renewed affirmation that they would be used if necessary." This narrows the argument essentially to this question: Under what circumstances would NATO's resort to tactical nuclear weapons be judged "necessary"; and unless ambiguity about this is removed in advance, is deterrence likely to suffer seriously?

One may say that there has never been much ambiguity at the extreme but unlikely ends of the spectrum. Short of deep and dramatic change

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in the political situation, for instance, it is clearly unlikely that a no-use commitment would be given, so as not to create temptation, destabilize the delicate military balance, and so on. And, as President Kennedy once put it, referring to the other and equally unlikely extreme, "In some circumstances we must be prepared to use the nuclear weapon at the start, come what may—a clear attack on Western Europe, for example."

As for the indeterminate zone in between these extremes, and this is where the search for broader "options" has been carried on, decision makers have been manifestly reluctant to be pinned down to precise definition of the circumstances that would call for a nuclear decision. Although this has doubtless lent ambiguity to the nuclear response that might follow some forms of aggression, deterrence thus far has not failed, despite the existence of uncertainty, or perhaps even because of it. Recognizing the tendency of governments to resolve their choices in favor of what seems to be working, one may therefore suspect that there will be no official stampede to heed Professor Brodie's plea for less ambiguity. «»

A Chap in His Place

ANDREW M. GREELEY

LETTERS OF C. S. LEWIS, Edited, with a memoir, by W. H. Lewis. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.*

For most Americans, Oxbridge is much like a British detective story: one can never really understand what is going on or what half the people are talking about, but the whole thing is great fun and rather charming in a quaint sort of way, so we don't really mind. Long ago we gave up trying to figure out the distinctions between tutors, fellows, lecturers, masters, and professors (and C. P. Snow only makes things more complicated), the various examinations, the incomprehensible grading system, differences among the "colleges" (and what is a "college" anyhow?), and the strange vacation system in which both students and faculty are expected to master huge reading lists while wandering about the countryside on foot. We assume that the British understand how it works and that is all that matters, though I for one do wish that they would have the courtesy to admit that our system is not without its own quaint charms. What indeed would C. S. Lewis have thought of Michigan State?

IT IS into the world of Oxford and and later Cambridge that his collected letters bring us, but I fear that anyone looking for the romantic charm of the Oxbridge novel or the wit of Lewis's books will be disappointed in his letters. He had a hard, lonely life: "I wish life and death were not the only alternatives, for I don't like either; one could imagine a via media." His stern and aloof father would not visit him in the hospital after he was wounded in the war; his surrogate mother (actually the mother of a friend killed in the war) was a stupid domestic tyrant; he married late in life a woman who was already dying of cancer and his three years of marriage were lived in the shadow of death; and even though financial success came eventually, the early years of poverty left him quite incapable of spending money on himself (though he was quite capable of spending it generously on others). If one knew Lewis only from his letters (and from the dreadfully understated memoir written as an introduction by his brother), one would have suspected that this Oxford don could not possibly have risen above the drab, dreary environment in which he found himself. Brilliant, yes; erudite, yes; but one would have expected him to be narrow, precious, and a little less than human.

But he was, after all, the creator of that unbelievably charming devil Screwtape and the author of *The Pilgrim's Regress, Perelandra, The Great Divorce*, and a score of books that betrayed a wit, a warmth, a humanity, a goodness that will not soon be forgotten. He had an immense number of friends, was hugely popular with his students, corresponded with all sorts of important people, and will easily be remembered as one of the great dons of his time. The real Lewis may not appear in his letters, but that does not greatly matter, because he does appear in his books and is preserved in the memories of those who knew him well.

The puzzle remains: How could this mildly tragic figure enjoy life so much? The answer seems to be that Lewis never thought of himself as tragic, not even as unhappy. He had his books, his students, his walking trips through the countryside, his rides in the sidecar of his brother's motorcycle, and his Thursday evenings with the "Inklings." Life certainly must have had its moments when you could expect to spend one night a week with Tolkien and Charles Williams. One would dearly like to have tape recordings of the conversation among the authors of *War in Heaven, Out of the Silent Planet,* and *Hobbit.*

BUT ABOVE ALL he had his faith; and his letters make it quite clear how important that faith was. To the readers of *The Problem of Pain*, the faith of the letters may seem rather simple and to the aggiornamento-ized Roman Catholic it may seem rather naïve; but it was the faith he needed and, one suspects, the faith without which he could not have survived.

One wonders what Lewis would think of the current developments in Christianity—the renewal in the Church of Rome and the emergence of the secular theologians. He may have found it hard to stomach either —at least in their more extreme manifestations. But he probably would have commented much the same way that he did when he was told that an American schoolgirl had been expelled for having in her possession a copy of *Screwtape*:

"I asked my informant whether it was a Communist school or a Fundamentalist school or an RC school, and got the shattering answer, 'No, it was a select school.' That puts a chap in his place, doesn't it?"

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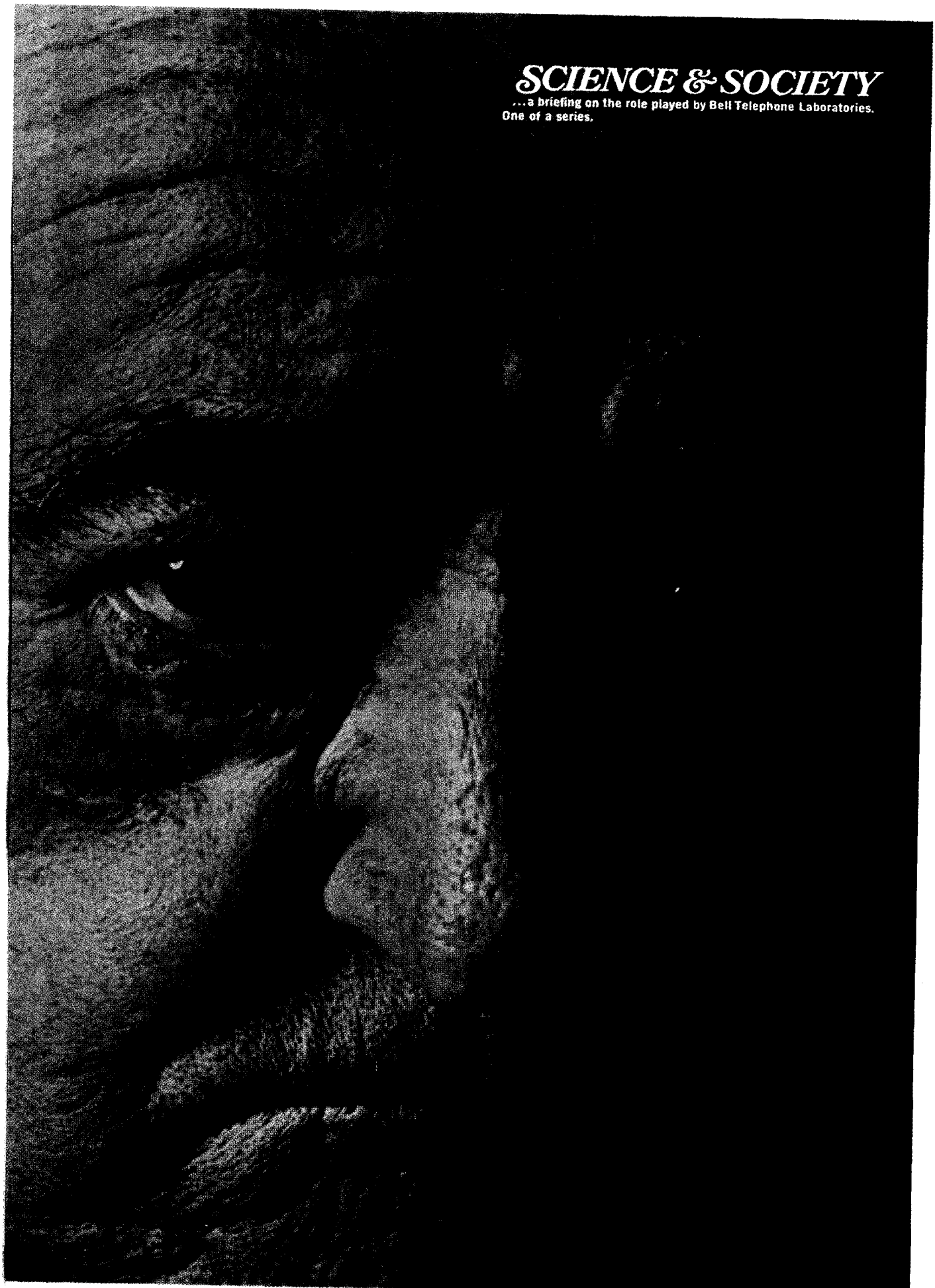

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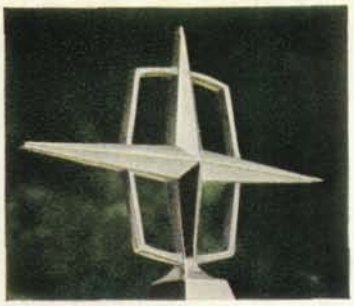

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